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L I Z A.

By IVAN TURGUENIEF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

By W. R. S. RALSTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1869.

250. t. 365.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIBTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR,

BY HIS FRIEND

THE TRANSLATOR.



PREFACE.

THE Author of the *Dvoryanskoe Gnezdo*, or "Nest of Nobles," of which a translation is now offered to the English reader under the title of "Liza," is a writer of whom Russia may well be proud. And that, not only because he is a consummate artist,—entitled as he is to take high rank among those of European fame, so accurate is he in his portrayal of character, and so quick to seize and to fix even its most fleeting expression ; so vividly does he depict by a few rapid touches the appearance of the figures whom he introduces upon his canvas, the nature of the scenes among which they move,—he

has other and even higher claims than these to the respect and admiration of Russian readers. For he is a thoroughly conscientious worker ; one who, amid all his dealings with fiction, has never swerved from his regard for what is real and true ; one to whom his own country and his own people are very dear, but who has neither timidly bowed to the prejudices of his countrymen, nor obstinately shut his eyes to their faults.

His first prose work, the "Notes of a Sportsman" (*Zapiski Okhotnika*), a collection of sketches of country life, made a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of the educated classes in Russia, so vigorous were its attacks upon the vices of that system of slavery which was then prevalent. Those attacks had all the more weight, inasmuch as the book was by no means exclusively devoted to them. It dealt with many other subjects connected with provincial life ; and the humour and the pathos and

the picturesqueness with which they were treated would of themselves have been sufficient to commend it to the very favourable attention of his countrymen. But the sad pictures he drew in it, occasionally and almost as it were accidentally, of the wretched position occupied by the great masses of the people, then groaning under the weight of that yoke which has since been removed, stirred the heart of Russian society with a thrill of generous horror and sympathy; and the effect thus produced was all the more permanent inasmuch as it was attained by thoroughly legitimate means. Far from exaggerating the ills of which he wrote, or describing them in sensational and declamatory language, he treated them in a style that sometimes seemed almost cold in its reticence and freedom from passion. The various sketches of which the volume was composed appeared at intervals in a Russian magazine, called the *Contemporary* (*Sovre-*

mennik), about three-and-twenty years ago, and were read in it with avidity; but when the first edition of the collected work was exhausted, the censors refused to grant permission to the author to print a second, and so for many years the complete book was not to be obtained in Russia without great difficulty. Now that the good fight of emancipation has been fought, and the victory—thanks to the present Emperor—has been won, M. Turguenief has every reason for looking back with pride upon that phase of the struggle; and his countrymen may well have a feeling of regard, as well as of respect, for him—the upper classes as for one who has helped them to recognise their duty, the lower as for a very generous supporter in their time of trouble.

M. Turguenief has written a great number of very charming short stories, most of them having reference to Russia and Russian life; for though he has lived in Ger-

many for many years, his thoughts, whenever he takes up his pen, almost always seem to go back to his native land. Besides these, as well as a number of critical essays, plays, and poems, he has brought out several novels, or rather novelettes, for none of them have attained to three-volume dimensions. Of these, the most remarkable are the one I have now translated, which appeared about eleven years ago, and the two somewhat polemical stories, called "Fathers and Children" (*Otsui i Dyeti*) and "Smoke" (*Duim*). The first of the three I may leave to speak for itself, merely adding that I trust that—although it appears under all the disadvantages by which even the most conscientious of translations must always be attended—it may be looked upon by English readers with somewhat of the admiration which I have long felt for the original, on account of the artistic finish of its execution, the purity of its tone, and the delicacy

and the nobleness of the sentiment by which it is pervaded.

The story of "Fathers and Children" conveys a vigorous and excessively clever description of the change that has taken place of late years in the thoughts and feelings of the educated classes of Russian society. One of the most interesting chapters in "Liza"—one which may be skipped by readers who care for nothing but incident in a story—describes a conversation which takes place between the hero and one of his old college friends. The sketch of the disinterested student, who has retained in mature life all the enthusiasm of his college days, is excellent, and is drawn in a very kindly spirit. But in "Fathers and Children" an exaggeration of this character is introduced, serving as a somewhat scarecrow-like embodiment of the excessively hard thoughts and very irreverent speculations in which the younger thinkers of the

new school indulge. This character is developed in the story into dimensions which must be styled inordinate if considered from a purely artistic point of view; but the story ought not to be so regarded. Unfortunately for its proper appreciation among us, it cannot be judged aright, except by readers who possess a thorough knowledge of what was going on in Russia a few years ago, and who take a keen and lively interest in the subjects which were then being discussed there. To all others, many of its chapters will seem too unintelligible and wearisome to be linked together into interesting unity by the slender thread of its story, beautiful as many of its isolated passages are. The same objection may be made to "Smoke." Great spaces in that work are devoted to caricatures of certain persons and opinions of note in Russia, but utterly unknown in England—pictures which either delight or irritate the author's countrymen, according to the tendency of

their social and political speculations, but which are as meaningless to the untutored English eye as a collection of "H. B."’s drawings would be to a Russian who had never studied English politics. Consequently neither of these two stories is likely ever to be fully appreciated among us.*

The last novelette which M. Turguenief has published, "The Unfortunate One" (*Neschastnaya*), is free from the drawbacks by which, as far as English readers are concerned, "Fathers and Children" and "Smoke" are attended; but it is exceedingly sad and painful. It is said to be founded on a true story, a fact which may account for an intensity of gloom in its colouring, the darkness of which would otherwise seem almost unartistically overcharged.

* A detailed account of both of these stories, as well as of several other works by M. Turguenief, will be found in the number of the *North British Review* for March, 1869.

Several of M. Turguenief's works have already been translated into English. The "Notes of a Sportsman" appeared about fourteen years ago under the title of "Russian Life in the Interior;"* but, unfortunately, the French translation from which they were (with all due acknowledgment) rendered, was one which had been so "cooked" for the Parisian market, that M. Turguenief himself felt bound to protest against it vigorously. It is the more unfortunate inasmuch as an admirable French translation of the work was afterwards made by M. Delaveau.†

Still more vigorously had M. Turguenief to protest against an English translation of "Smoke," which appeared a few months ago.

The story of "Fathers and Children"

* "Russian Life in the Interior." Edited by J. D. Meiklejohn. Black, Edinburgh, 1855.

† "Récits d'un Chasseur." Traduits par H. Delaveau. Paris, 1858.

has also appeared in English;* but as the translation was published on the other side of the Atlantic, it has as yet served but little to make M. Turguenief's name known among us.

The French and German translations of M. Turguenief's works are excellent. From the French versions of M. Delaveau, M. Xavier Marmier, M. Prosper Mérimée, M. Viardot, and several others, a very good idea may be formed by the general reader of M. Turguenief's merits. For my own part, I wish cordially to thank the French and the German translators of the *Dvoryanskoe Gnyezdo* for the assistance their versions rendered me while I was preparing the present translation of that story. The German version, by M. Paul Fuchs,† is wonderfully literal. The French version, by Count

* "Fathers and Sons." Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. New York, 1867.

† Das adelige Nest. Von I. S. Turgeneff. Aus dem Russischen übersetzt von Paul Fuchs. Leipzig, 1862.

Sollogub and M. A. de Calonne, which originally appeared in the *Revue Contemporaine*, without being quite so close, is also very good indeed.*

I, too, have kept as closely as I possibly could to the original. Indeed, the first draft of the translation was absolutely literal, regardless of style or even idiom. While in that state, it was revised by the Russian friend who assisted me in my translation of Krilof's Fables—M. Alexander Onegine—and to his painstaking kindness I am greatly indebted for the hope I venture to entertain that I have not "traduced" the author I have undertaken to translate. It may be as well to state that in the few passages in which my version differs designedly from the ordinary text of the original, I have followed the alterations which M. Turguenief made with his own hand in the copy of the story on which I

* Une Nichée de Gentilshommes. Paris, 1862.

worked, and the title of the story has been altered to its present form with his consent.

I may as well observe also, that while I have inserted notes where I thought their presence unavoidable, I have abstained as much as possible from diverting the reader's attention from the story by obtrusive asterisks, referring to what might seem impertinent observations at the bottom of the page. The Russian forms of name I have religiously preserved, even to the extent of using such a form as Ivanich, as well as Ivanovich, when it is employed by the author.

INNER TEMPLE,

June 1, 1869.

I.

A BEAUTIFUL spring day was drawing to a close. High aloft in the clear sky floated small rosy clouds, which seemed never to drift past, but to be slowly absorbed into the blue depths beyond.

At an open window, in a handsome mansion situated in one of the outlying streets of O., the chief town of the government of that name—it was in the year 1842—there were sitting two ladies, the one about fifty years old, the other an old woman of seventy.

The name of the first was Maria Dmitrievna Kalitine. Her husband, who had formerly occupied the post of Provincial Pro-

curator, and who was well known in his day as a good man of business—a man of bilious temperament, confident, resolute, and enterprising—had been dead ten years. He had received a good education, and had studied at the university, but as the family from which he sprang was a poor one, he had early recognised the necessity of making a career for himself and of gaining money.

Maria Dmitrievna married him for love. He was good-looking, he had plenty of sense, and, when he liked, he could be very agreeable. Maria Dmitrievna, whose maiden name was Pestof, lost her parents while she was still a child. She spent several years in an Institute at Moscow, and then went to live with her brother and one of her aunts at Pokrovskoe, a family estate situated fifteen versts from O. Soon afterwards her brother was called away on duty to St. Petersburg, and, until a sudden death put

an end to his career, he kept his aunt and sister with only just enough for them to live upon. Maria Dmitrievna inherited Pokrovskoe, but she did not long reside there. In the second year of her marriage with Kalitine, who had succeeded at the end of a few days in gaining her affections, Pokrovskoe was exchanged for another estate—one of much greater intrinsic value, but unattractive in appearance, and not provided with a mansion. At the same time Kalitine purchased a house in the town of O., and there he and his wife permanently established themselves. A large garden was attached to it, extending in one direction to the fields outside the town, “so that,” Kalitine, who was by no means an admirer of rural tranquillity, used to say, “there is no reason why we should go dragging ourselves off into the country.” Maria Dmitrievna often secretly regretted her beautiful Pokrovskoe, with its joyous

brook, its sweeping meadows, and its verdant woods, but she never opposed her husband in anything, having the highest respect for his judgment and his knowledge of the world. And when he died, after fifteen years of married life, leaving behind him a son and two daughters, Maria Dmitrievna had grown so accustomed to her house and to a town life, that she had no inclination to change her residence.

In her youth Maria Dmitrievna had enjoyed the reputation of being a pretty blonde, and even in her fiftieth year her features were not unattractive, though they had lost somewhat of their fineness and delicacy. She was naturally sensitive and impressionable, rather than actually good-hearted, and even in her years of maturity she continued to behave in the manner peculiar to "Institute girls"; she denied herself no indulgence, she was easily put out of temper, and she would even burst into tears

if her habits were interfered with. On the other hand, she was gracious and affable when all her wishes were fulfilled, and when nobody opposed her in anything. Her house was the pleasantest in the town; and she had a handsome income, the greater part of which was derived from her late husband's earnings, and the rest from her own property. Her two daughters lived with her; her son was being educated in one of the best of the crown establishments at St. Petersburg.

The old lady who was sitting at the window with Maria Dmitrievna was her father's sister, the aunt with whom she had formerly spent so many lonely years at Pokrovskoe. Her name was Marfa Timofeevna Pestof. She was looked upon as an original, being a woman of an independent character, who bluntly told the truth to every one, and who, although her means were very small, behaved in society just as she would have done

had she been rolling in wealth. She never could abide the late Kalitine, and as soon as her niece married him she retired to her own modest little property, where she spent ten whole years in a peasant's smoky hut. Maria Dmitrievna was rather afraid of her. Small in stature, with black hair, a sharp nose, and eyes which even in old age were still keen, Marfa Timofeevna walked briskly, held herself bolt upright, and spoke quickly but distinctly, and with a loud, high-pitched voice. She always wore a white cap, and a white *kofta** always formed part of her dress.

"What is the matter?" she suddenly asked. "What are you sighing about?"

"Nothing," replied Maria Dmitrievna.

"What lovely clouds!"

"You are sorry for them, I suppose?"

Maria Dmitrievna made no reply.

"Why doesn't Gedeonovsky come?" con-

* A sort of jacket.

tinued Marfa Timofeevna, rapidly plying her knitting needles. (She was making a long worsted scarf.) "He would have sighed with you. Perhaps he would have uttered some platitude or other."

"How unkindly you always speak of him! Sergius Petrovich is—a most respectable man."

"Respectable!" echoed the old lady reproachfully.

"And then," continued Maria Dmitrievna, "how devoted he was to my dear husband! Why, he can never think of him without emotion."

"He might well be that, considering that your husband pulled him out of the mud by the ears," growled Marfa Timofeevna, the needles moving quicker than ever under her fingers. "He looks so humble," she began anew after a time. "His head is quite grey, and yet he never opens his mouth but to lie or to slander. And, for-

sooth, he is a councillor of state! Ah, well, to be sure, he is a priest's son."*

"Who is there who is faultless, aunt? It is true that he has this weakness. Sergius Petrovich has not had a good education, I admit—he cannot speak French—but I beg leave to say that I think him exceedingly agreeable."

"Oh, yes, he fawns on you like a dog. As to his not speaking French, that's no great fault. I am not very strong in the French 'dialect' myself. It would be better if he spoke no language at all; he wouldn't tell lies then. But of course, here he is, in the very nick of time," continued Marfa Timofeevna, looking down the street. "Here comes your agreeable man, striding along. How spindle-shanked he is, to be sure—just like a stork!"

Maria Dmitrievna arranged her curls.

* *Popovich*, or son of a pope: a not over respectful designation in Russia.

Marfa Timofeevna looked at her with a quiet smile.

"Isn't that a grey hair I see, my dear? You should scold Pelagia. Where can her eyes be?"

"That's just like you, aunt," muttered Maria Dmitrievna, in a tone of vexation, and thrumming with her fingers on the arm of her chair.

"Sergius Petrovich Gedeonovsky!" shrilly announced a rosy-cheeked little Cossack,* who suddenly appeared at the door.

* A page attired in a sort of Cossack dress.

II.

A TALL man came into the room, wearing a good enough coat, rather short trousers, thick grey gloves, and two cravats—a black one outside, a white one underneath. Everything belonging to him was suggestive of propriety and decorum, from his well-proportioned face, with locks carefully smoothed down over the temples, to his heelless and never-creaking boots. He bowed first to the mistress of the house, then to Marfa Timofeevna, and afterwards, having slowly taken off his gloves, he approached Maria Dmitrievna and respectfully kissed her hand twice. After that he leisurely subsided into an easy-chair, and asked, as he smilingly rubbed together the tips of his fingers—

"Is Elizaveta Mikhailovna quite well?"

"Yes," replied Maria Dmitrievna, "she is in the garden."

"And Elena Mikhailovna?"

"Lenochka is in the garden also. Have you any news?"

"Rather!" replied the visitor, slowly screwing up his eyes, and protruding his lips. "Hm! here is a piece of news, if you please, and a very startling one, too. Fedor Ivanovich Lavretsky has arrived."

"Fedia!" exclaimed Marfa Timofeevna.

"You're inventing, are you not?"

"Not at all. I have seen him with my own eyes."

"That doesn't prove anything."

"He's grown much more robust," continued Gedeonovsky, looking as if he had not heard Marfa Timofeevna's remark; "his shoulders have broadened, and his cheeks are quite rosy."

"Grown more robust," slowly repeated

Maria Dmitrievna. "One would think he hadn't met with much to make him robust."

"That is true indeed," said Gedeonovsky. "Any one else, in his place, would have scrupled to show himself in the world."

"And why, I should like to know?" broke in Marfa Timofeevna. "What nonsense you are talking! A man comes back to his home. Where else would you have him betake himself? And, pray, in what has he been to blame?"

"A husband is always to blame, madam, if you will allow me to say so, when his wife behaves ill."

"You only say that, *batyushka*,* because you have never been married."

Gedeonovsky's only reply was a forced smile. For a short time he remained silent; but presently he said, "May I be allowed to be so inquisitive as to ask for whom this pretty scarf is intended?"

* Father.

Marfa Timofeevna looked up at him quickly.

"For whom is it intended?" she said. "For a man who never slanders, who does not intrigue, and who makes up no falsehoods—if, indeed, such a man is to be found in the world. I know Fedia thoroughly well; the only thing for which he is to blame is that he spoilt his wife. To be sure he married for love; and from such love-matches no good ever comes," added the old lady, casting a side glance at Maria Dmitrievna. Then, standing up, she added: "But now you can whet your teeth on whom you will; on me, if you like. I'm off. I won't hinder you any longer." And with these words she disappeared.

"She is always like that," said Maria Dmitrievna, following her aunt with her eyes—"always."

"What else can be expected of her at her time of life?" replied Gedeonovsky.

“Just see now ! ‘ Who does not intrigue ? ’ she was pleased to say. But who is there nowadays who doesn’t intrigue ? It is the custom of the present age. A friend of mine—a most respectable man, and one, I may as well observe, of no slight rank—used to say, ‘ Nowadays, it seems, if a hen wants a grain of corn she approaches it cunningly, watches anxiously for an opportunity of sidling up to it.’ But when I look at you, dear lady, I recognise in you a truly angelic nature. May I be allowed to kiss your snow-white hand ? ”

Maria Dmitrievna slightly smiled, and held out her plump hand to Gedeonovsky, keeping the little finger gracefully separated from the rest ; and then, after he had raised her hand to his lips, she drew her chair closer to his, bent a little towards him, and asked, in a low voice—

“So you have seen him ? And is he really well and in good spirits ? ”

"In excellent spirits," replied Gedeonovsky in a whisper.

"You haven't heard where his wife is now?"

"A short time ago she was in Paris; but she is gone away, they say, and is now in Italy."

"Really it is shocking—Fedia's position. I can't think how he manages to bear it. Every one, of course, has his misfortunes; but his affairs, one may say, have become known all over Europe."

Gedeonovsky sighed.

"Quite so, quite so! They say she has made friends with artists and pianists; or, as they call them there, with lions and other wild beasts. She has completely lost all sense of shame——"

"It's very very sad," said Maria Dmitrievna; "especially for a relation. You know, don't you, Sergius Petrovich, that he is a far-away cousin of mine?"

“To be sure, to be sure! You surely don’t suppose I could be ignorant of anything that concerns your family.”

“Will he come to see us? What do you think?”

“One would suppose so; but afterwards, I am told, he will go and live on his estate in the country.”

Maria Dmitrievna lifted her eyes towards heaven.

“Oh, Sergius Petrovich, Sergius Petrovich! how often I think how necessary it is for us women to behave circumspectly!”

“There are women and women, Maria Dmitrievna. There are, unfortunately, some who are—of an unstable character; and then there is a certain time of life—and, besides, good principles have not been instilled into them when they were young.”

Here Sergius Petrovich drew from his pocket a blue handkerchief, of a check pattern, and began to unfold it.

"Such women, in fact, do exist."

Here Sergius Petrovich applied a corner of the handkerchief to each of his eyes in turn.

"But, generally speaking, if one reflects—that is to say—— The dust in the streets is something extraordinary," he ended by saying.

"*Maman, maman,*" exclaimed a pretty little girl of eleven, who came running into the room, "Vladimir Nikolaevich is coming here on horseback."

Maria Dmitrievna rose from her chair. Sergius Petrovich also got up and bowed.

"My respects to Elena Mikhailovna," he said; and discreetly retiring to a corner, he betook himself to blowing his long straight nose.

"What a lovely horse he has!" continued the little girl. "He was at the garden gate just now, and he told me and Liza that he would come up to the front door."

The sound of hoofs was heard, and a well-appointed cavalier, mounted on a handsome bay horse, rode up to the house, and stopped in front of the open window.

III.

"Good evening, Maria Dmitrievna!" exclaimed the rider's clear and pleasant voice.

"How do you like my new purchase?"

Maria Dmitrievna went to the window.

"Good evening, Woldemar! Ah, what a splendid horse! From whom did you buy it?"

"From our remount-officer. He made me pay dear for it, the rascal."

"What is its name?"

"Orlando. But that's a stupid name. I want to change it. *Eh bien, eh bien, mon garçon.* What a restless creature it is!"

The horse neighed, pawed the air, and tossed the foam from its nostrils.

"Come and stroke it, Lenochka; don't be afraid."

Lenochka stretched out her hand from the window, but Orlando suddenly reared and shied. But its rider, who took its proceedings very quietly, gripped the saddle firmly with his knees, laid his whip across the horse's neck, and forced it, in spite of its resistance, to return to the window. "*Prenex garde, prenex garde,*" Maria Dmitrievna kept calling out.

"Now then, stroke him, Lenchka," repeated the horseman; "I don't mean to let him have his own way."

Lenochka stretched out her hand a second time, and timidly touched the quivering nostrils of Orlando, who champed his bit, and kept incessantly fidgeting.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Maria Dmitrievna; "but now get off, and come in."

The rider wheeled his horse sharply round, drove the spurs into its sides, rode down the street at a hand gallop, and turned into the court-yard. In another

minute he had crossed the hall and entered the drawing-room, flourishing his whip in the air.

At the same moment there appeared on the threshold of another doorway a tall, well-made, dark-haired girl of nineteen—
Maria Dmitrievna's elder daughter, Liza.

IV.

THE young man whom we have just introduced to our readers was called Vladimir Nikolaevich Panshine. He occupied a post at St. Petersburg—one devoted to business of a special character—in the Ministry of the Interior. He had come to O. about certain affairs of a temporary nature, and was placed there at the disposal of the governor, General Zonnenberg, to whom he was distantly related.

Panshine's father, a retired cavalry officer,* who used to be well known among card-players, was a man of a worn face, with weak eyes, and a nervous contraction about the lips. Throughout his life he

* A *Shtabs-Rotmistr*, the second captain in a cavalry regiment.

always revolved in a distinguished circle, frequenting the English Clubs* of both capitals, and being generally considered a man of ability and a pleasant companion, though not a person to be confidently depended upon. In spite of all his ability, he was almost always just on the verge of ruin, and he ultimately left but a small and embarrassed property to his only son. About that son's education, however, he had, after his own fashion, taken great pains.

The young Vladimir Nikolaevich spoke excellent French, good English, and bad German. That is just as it should be. Properly brought-up people should of course be ashamed to speak German really well; but to throw out a German word now and then, and generally on facetious topics—that is allowable; "*c'est même très chic*," as the Petersburg Parisians say. Moreover, by

* Fashionable clubs having nothing English about them but their name.

the time Vladimir Nikolaevich was fifteen, he already knew how to enter any drawing-room whatsoever without becoming nervous, how to move about it in an agreeable manner, and how to take his leave exactly at the right moment.

The elder Panshine made a number of useful connections for his son; while shuffling the cards between two rubbers, or after a lucky "Great Schlemm,"* he never lost the opportunity of saying a word about his young "Volodka" to some important personage, a lover of games of skill. On his part, Vladimir Nikolaevich, during the period of his stay at the university, which he left with the rank of "effective student,"† made acquaintance with several young people of distinction, and gained access into the best houses. He was cordi-

* "A bumper."

† A degree a little inferior to that of Bachelor of Arts.

ally received everywhere, for he was very good looking, easy in manner, amusing, always in good health, and ready for everything. Where he was obliged, he was respectful; where he could, he was overbearing. Altogether, an excellent companion, *un charmant garçon*. The Promised Land lay before him. Panshine soon fathomed the secret of worldly wisdom, and succeeded in inspiring himself with a genuine respect for its laws. He knew how to invest trifles with a half-ironical importance, and to behave with the air of one who treats all serious matters as trifles. He danced admirably; he dressed like an Englishman. In a short time he had gained the reputation of being one of the pleasantest and most adroit young men in St. Petersburg.

Panshine really was very adroit—not less so than his father had been. And besides this, he was endowed with no small

talent; nothing was too difficult for him. He sang pleasantly, drew confidently, could write poetry, and acted remarkably well.

He was now only in his twenty-eighth year, but he was already a Chamberlain, and he had arrived at a highly respectable rank in the service. He had thorough confidence in himself, in his intellect, and in his sagacity. He went onwards under full sail, boldly and cheerfully; the stream of his life flowed smoothly along. He was accustomed to please every one, old and young alike; and he imagined that he thoroughly understood his fellow-creatures, especially women—that he was intimately acquainted with all their ordinary weaknesses.

As one who was no stranger to Art, he felt within him a certain enthusiasm, a glow, a rapture, in consequence of which he claimed for himself various exemptions from ordinary rules. He led a somewhat irregular life, he made acquaintance with people who were not

received into society, and in general he behaved in an unconventional and uncere-
monious manner. But in his heart of
hearts he was cold and astute; and even in
the midst of his most extravagant rioting,
his keen hazel eye watched and took note
of everything. It was impossible for this
daring and unconventional youth ever quite
to forget himself, or to be thoroughly carried
away. It should be mentioned to his credit,
by the way, that he never boasted of his
victories. To Maria Dmitrievna's house he
had obtained access as soon as he arrived
in O., and he soon made himself thoroughly
at home in it. As to Maria Dmitrievna
herself, she thought there was nobody in
the world to be compared with him.

Panshine bowed in an engaging manner
to all the occupants of the room, shook
hands with Maria Dmitrievna and Elizaveta
Mikhailovna, lightly tapped Gedeonovsky
on the shoulder, and, turning on his heels,

took Lenchka's head between his hands and kissed her on the forehead.

"Are not you afraid to ride such a vicious horse?" asked Maria Dmitrievna.

"I beg your pardon, it is perfectly quiet. No, but I will tell you what I really am afraid of. I am afraid of playing at preference with Sergius Petrovich. Yesterday, at the Bielenitsines', he won all the money I had with me."

Gedeonovsky laughed a thin and cringing laugh; he wanted to gain the good graces of the brilliant young official from St. Petersburg, the governor's favourite. In his conversations with Maria Dmitrievna he frequently spoke of Panshine's remarkable faculties. "Why, really now, how can one help praising him?" he used to reason. "The young man is a success in the highest circles of society, and at the same time he does his work in the most perfect manner, and he isn't the least bit proud." And

indeed, even at St. Petersburg, Panshine was looked upon as an efficient public servant; the work "burnt under his hands;" he spoke of it jestingly, as a man of the world should, who does not attach any special importance to his employment; but he was a "doer." Heads of departments like such subordinates; he himself never doubted that in time, supposing he really wished it, he would be a Minister.

"You are so good as to say that I won your money," said Gedeonovsky; but who won fifteen roubles from me last week? And besides——"

"Ah, rogue, rogue!" interrupted Panshine, in a pleasant tone, but with an air of indifference bordering on contempt, and then, without paying him any further attention, he accosted Liza.

"I cannot get the overture to Oberon here," he began. "Madame Bielenitsine boasted that she had a complete collection

of classical music; but in reality she has nothing but polkas and waltzes. However, I have already written to Moscow, and you shall have the overture in a week."

"By the way," he continued, "I wrote a new romance yesterday; the words are mine as well as the music. Would you like me to sing it to you? Madame Bielenitsine thought it very pretty, but her judgment is not worth much. I want to know your opinion of it. But, after all, I think I had better sing it by-and-by."

"Why by-and-by?" exclaimed Maria Dmitrievna, "why not now?"

"To hear is to obey," answered Panshine, with a sweet and serene smile, which came and went quickly; and then, having pushed a chair up to the piano, he sat down, struck a few chords, and began to sing the following romance, pronouncing the words very distinctly:—

Amid pale clouds, above the earth,
The moon rides high,
And o'er the sea a magic light
Pours from the sky.

My spirit's waves, as towards the moon,
Towards thee, love, flow :
Its waters stirred by thee alone
In weal or woe.

My heart replete with love that grieves
But yields no cry,
I suffer——cold as yonder moon
Thou passest by.

Panshine sang the second stanza with more than usual expression and feeling ; in the stormy accompaniment might be heard the rolling of the waves. After the words, "I suffer !" he breathed a light sigh, and with downcast eyes let his voice die gradually away. When he had finished, Liza praised the air, Maria Dmitrievna said, "Charming !" and Gedeonovsky exclaimed, "Enchanting !—the words and the music are equally enchanting !" Lenoehka kept her eyes fixed on the singer with childish

reverence. In a word, the composition of the young *dilettante* delighted all who were in the room. But outside the drawing-room door, in the vestibule, there stood looking on the floor an old man who had just come into the house, to whom, judging from the expression of his face and the movements of his shoulders, Panshine's romance, though really pretty, did not afford much pleasure. After waiting a little, and having dusted his boots with a coarse handkerchief, he suddenly squeezed up his eyes, morosely compressed his lips, gave his already curved back an extra bend, and slowly entered the drawing-room.

"Ah! Christophor Fedorovich, how do you do?" Panshine was the first to exclaim, as he jumped up quickly from his chair. "I didn't suspect you were there. I wouldn't for anything have ventured to sing my romance before you. I know you are no admirer of the light style in music."

"I didn't hear it," said the new-comer, in imperfect Russian. Then, having bowed to all the party, he stood still in an awkward attitude in the middle of the room.

"I suppose, Monsieur Lemm," said Maria Dmitrievna, "you have come to give Liza a music lesson."

"No; not Lizaveta Mikhailovna, but Elena Mikhailovna."

"Oh, indeed! very good. Lenchka, go up-stairs with Monsieur Lemm."

The old man was about to follow the little girl, when Panshine stopped him.

"Don't go away when the lesson is over, Christophor Fedorovich," he said. "Lizaveta Mikhailovna and I are going to play a duet—one of Beethoven's sonatas."

The old man muttered something to himself, but Panshine continued in German, pronouncing the words very badly—

"Lizaveta Mikhailovna has shown me the sacred cantata which you have dedicated to

her—a very beautiful piece! I beg you will not suppose I am unable to appreciate serious music. Quite the reverse. It is sometimes tedious; but, on the other hand, it is extremely edifying.”

The old man blushed to the ears, cast a side glance at Liza, and went hastily out of the room.

Maria Dmitrievna asked Panshine to repeat his romance; but he declared that he did not like to offend the ears of the scientific German, and proposed to Liza to begin Beethoven’s sonata. On this, Maria Dmitrievna sighed, and, on her part, proposed a stroll in the garden to Gedeonovsky.

“I want to have a little more chat with you,” she said, “about our poor Fedia, and to ask for your advice.”

Gedeonovsky smiled and bowed, took up with two fingers his hat, on the brim of which his gloves were neatly laid out, and retired with Maria Dmitrievna.

Panshine and Liza remained in the room. She fetched the sonata, and spread it out. Both sat down to the piano in silence. From up-stairs there came the feeble sound of scales, played by Lenočka's uncertain fingers.

Note to p. 31.


It is possible that M. Panshine may have been inspired by Heine's verses :—

Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert
In den wilden Meereswogen,
Und er selber still und sicher
Wandelt an dem Himmelsbogen.

Also wandelst du, Geliebte,
Still und sicher, und es zittert
Nur dein Abbild mir im Herzen,
Weil mein eignes Herz erschüttert.

V.

CHRISTOPH THEODOR GOTTLIEB LEMM was born in 1786, in the kingdom of Saxony, in the town of Chemnitz. His parents, who were very poor, were both of them musicians, his father playing the hautboy, his mother the harp. He himself, by the time he was five years old, was already practising on three different instruments. At the age of eight, he was left an orphan, and at ten he began to earn a living by his art. For a long time he led a wandering life, playing in all sorts of places—in taverns, at fairs, at peasants' marriages, and at balls. At last he gained access to an orchestra, and there, steadily rising higher and higher, he attained to the position of conductor. As a



performer he had no great merit, but he understood music thoroughly. In his twenty-eighth year, he migrated to Russia. He was invited there by a great seigneur, who, although he could not abide music himself, maintained an orchestra from a love of display. In his house Lemm spent seven years as musical director, and then left him with empty hands. The seigneur, who had squandered all his means, first offered Lemm a bill of exchange for the amount due to him; then refused to give him even that; and ultimately never paid him a single farthing. Lemm was advised to leave the country, but he did not like to go home penniless from Russia—from the great Russia, that golden land of artists. So he determined to remain and seek his fortune there.

During the course of ten years, the poor German continued to seek his fortune. He found various employers, he lived in Moscow

and in several county towns, he patiently suffered much, he made acquaintance with poverty, he struggled hard.* All this time, amidst all the troubles to which he was exposed, the idea of ultimately returning home never quitted him. It was the only thing that supported him. But Fate did not choose to bless him with this supreme and final piece of good fortune.

At fifty years of age, in bad health and prematurely decrepid, he happened to come to the town of O., and there he took up his permanent abode, managing somehow to obtain a poor livelihood by giving lessons. He had by this time entirely lost all hope of quitting the hated soil of Russia.

Lemm's outward appearance was not in his favour. He was short and high-shouldered, his shoulder-blades stuck out

* Literally, "like a fish out of ice:" as a fish, taken out of a river which has been frozen over, struggles on the ice.

awry, his feet were large and flat, and his red hands, marked by swollen veins, had hard, stiff fingers tipped with nails of a pale blue colour. His face was covered with wrinkles, his cheeks were hollow, and he had pursed-up lips which he was always moving with a kind of chewing action—one which, joined with his habitual silence, gave him an almost malignant expression. His grey hair hung in tufts over a low forehead. His very small and immobile eyes glowed dully, like coals in which the flame has just been extinguished by water. He walked heavily, jerking his clumsy frame at every step. Some of his movements called to mind the awkward shuffling of an owl in a cage, when it feels that it is being stared at, but can scarcely see anything itself out of its large yellow eyes, blinking between sleep and fear. An ancient and inexorable misery had fixed its ineffaceable stamp on the poor musician, and had wrenched and distorted

his figure—one which, even without that, would have had but little to recommend it ; but in spite of all that, something good and honest, something out of the common run, revealed itself in that half-ruined being, to any one who was able to get over his first impressions.

A devoted admirer of Bach and Handel, thoroughly well up to his work, gifted with a lively imagination, and that audacity of idea which belongs only to the Teutonic race, Lemm might in time—who can tell ?—have been reckoned among the great composers of his country, if only his life had been of a different nature. But he was not born under a lucky star. He had written much in his time, and yet he had never been fortunate enough to see any of his compositions published. He did not know how to set to work, how to cringe at the right moment, how to proffer a request at the fitting time. Once, it is true, a very long

time ago, one of his friends and admirers, also a German, and also poor, published at his own expense two of Lemm's sonatas. But they remained untouched on the shelves of the music shops; silently they disappeared and left no trace behind, just as if they had been dropped into a river by night.

At last Lemm bade farewell to everything. Old age gained upon him, and he hardened, he grew stiff in mind, just as his fingers had stiffened. He had never married, and now he lived alone in O., in a little house not far from that of the Kalitines, looked after by an old woman-servant whom he had taken out of an almshouse. He walked a great deal, and he read the Bible, also a collection of Protestant hymns, and Shakspeare in Schlegel's translation. For a long time he had composed nothing; but apparently Liza, his best pupil, had been able to arouse him. It was for her that he had written the cantata to which Panshine alluded.

The words of this cantata were borrowed by him from his collection of hymns, with the exception of a few verses which he composed himself. It was written for two choruses: one of the happy, one of the unhappy. At the end the two united and sang together, "Merciful Lord, have pity upon us, poor sinners, and keep us from all evil thoughts and worldly desires." On the title-page, very carefully and even artistically written, were the words, "Only the Righteous are in the Right. A Sacred Cantata. Composed, and dedicated to Elizaveta Kalitine, his dear pupil, by her teacher, C. T. G. Lemm." The words "Only the Righteous are in the Right" and "To Elizaveta Kalitine" were surrounded by a circle of rays. Underneath was written, "For you only. Für Sie allein." This was why Lemm grew red and looked askance at Liza; he felt greatly hurt when Panshine began to talk to him about his cantata.

VI.

PANSHINE struck the first chords of the sonata, in which he played the bass, loudly and with decision, but Liza did not begin her part. He stopped and looked at her—Liza's eyes, which were looking straight at him, expressed dissatisfaction; her lips did not smile, all her countenance was severe, almost sad.

“What is the matter?” he asked.

“Why have not you kept your word?” she said. “I showed you Christophor Fedorovich's cantata only on condition that you would not speak to him about it.”

“I was wrong, Lizaveta Mikhailovna—I spoke without thinking.”

“You have wounded him and me too. In

future he will distrust me as well as others."

"What could I do, Lizaveta Mikhailovna? From my earliest youth I have never been able to see a German without feeling tempted to tease him."

"What are you saying, Vladimir Nikolae-vich? This German is a poor, lonely, broken man; and you feel no pity for him! you feel tempted to tease him!"

Panshine seemed a little disconcerted.

"You are right, Lizaveta Mikhailovna," he said. "The fault is entirely due to my perpetual thoughtlessness. No, do not contradict me. I know myself well. My thoughtlessness has done me no slight harm. It makes people suppose that I am an egotist."

Panshine made a brief pause. From whatever point he started a conversation, he generally ended by speaking about himself, and then his words seemed almost to

escape from him involuntarily, so softly and pleasantly did he speak, and with such an air of sincerity.

“It is so, even in your house,” he continued. “Your mamma, it is true, is most kind to me. She is so good. You—but no, I don’t know what you think of me. But decidedly your aunt cannot abide me. I have vexed her by some thoughtless, stupid speech. It is true that she does not like me, is it not?”

“Yes,” replied Liza, after a moment’s hesitation. “You do not please her.”

Panshine let his fingers run rapidly over the keys; a scarcely perceptible smile glided over his lips.

“Well, but you,” he continued, “do you also think me an egotist?”

“I know so little about you,” replied Liza; “but I should not call you an egotist. On the contrary, I ought to feel grateful to you——”

"I know, I know what you are going to say," interrupted Panshine, again running his fingers over the keys, "for the music, for the books, which I bring you, for the bad drawings with which I ornament your album, and so on, and so on. I may do all that, and yet be an egotist. I venture to think that I do not bore you, and that you do not think me a bad man; but yet you suppose that I—how shall I say it?—for the sake of an epigram would not spare my friend, my father himself."

"You are absent and forgetful, like all men of the world," said Liza, "that is all."

Panshine slightly frowned.

"Listen," he said; "don't let's talk any more about me; let us begin our sonata. Only there is one thing I will ask of you," he added, as he smoothed the sheets which lay on the music-desk with his hand; "think of me what you will, call me egotist even, I don't object to that; but don't call

me a man of the world, that name is insufferable. *Anch'io sono pittore*. I too am an artist, though but a poor one, and that—namely, that I am a poor artist—I am going to prove to you on the spot. Let us begin.”

“Very good, let us begin,” said Liza.

The first adagio went off with tolerable success, although Panshine made several mistakes. What he had written himself, and what he had learnt by heart, he played very well, but he could not play at sight correctly. Accordingly the second part of the sonata—a tolerably quick allegro—would not do at all. At the twentieth bar Panshine, who was a couple of bars behind, gave in, and pushed back his chair with a laugh.

“No!” he exclaimed, “I cannot play to-day.” It is fortunate that Lemm cannot hear us; he would have had a fit.”

Liza stood up, shut the piano, and then turned to Panshine.

“What shall we do then?” she asked.

“That question is so like you! You can never sit with folded hands for a moment. Well then, if you feel inclined, let’s draw a little before it becomes quite dark. Perhaps another Muse—the Muse of painting—what’s her name? I’ve forgotten—— will be more propitious to me. Where is your album? I remember the landscape I was drawing in it was not finished.”

Liza went into another room for the album, and Panshine, finding himself alone, took a cambric handkerchief out of his pocket, rubbed his nails and looked sideways at his hands. They were very white and well shaped; on the second finger of the left hand he wore a spiral gold ring.

Liza returned; Panshine seated himself by the window and opened the album.

“Ah!” he exclaimed. “I see you have begun to copy my landscape—and capitally—very good indeed—only—just give me

the pencil—the shadows are not laid in black enough. Look here.”

And Panshine added some long strokes with a vigorous touch. He always drew the same landscape—large dishevelled trees in the foreground, in the middle distance a plain, and on the horizon an indented chain of hills. Liza looked over his shoulder at his work.

“In drawing, as also in life in general,” said Panshine, turning his head now to the right, now to the left, “lightness and daring—those are the first requisites.”

At this moment Lemm entered the room, and, after bowing gravely, was about to retire; but Panshine flung the album and pencil aside, and prevented him from leaving the room.

“Where are you going, dear Christoph Fedorovich? Won’t you stay and take tea?”

“I am going home,” said Lemm, in a surly voice; “my head aches.”

“What nonsense! do remain. We will have a talk about Shakspeare.”

“My head aches,” repeated the old man.

“We tried to play Beethoven’s sonata without you,” continued Panshine, caressingly throwing his arm over the old man’s shoulder and smiling sweetly; “but we didn’t succeed in bringing it to a harmonious conclusion. Just imagine, I couldn’t play two consecutive notes right.”

“You had better have played your romance over again,” replied Lemm; then, escaping from Panshine’s hold, he went out of the room.

Liza ran after him, and caught him on the steps.

“Christophor Fedorovich, I want to speak to you,” she said in German, as she led him across the short green grass to the gate. I have done you a wrong—forgive me.”

Lemm made no reply.

“I showed your cantata to Vladimir

Nikolaevich ; I was sure he would appreciate it, and, indeed, he was exceedingly pleased with it."

Lemm stopped still.

"It's no matter," he said in Russian, and then added in his native tongue,—“But he is utterly incapable of understanding it. How is it you don't see that? He is a *dilettante*—that is all."

"You are unjust towards him," replied Liza. "He understands everything, and can do almost everything himself."

"Yes, everything second-rate — poor goods, scamped work. But that pleases, and he pleases, and he is well content with that. Well, then, bravo!——But I am not angry. I and that cantata, we are both old fools! I feel a little ashamed, but it's no matter."

"Forgive me, Christophor Fedorovich!" urged Liza anew.

"It's no matter, no matter," he repeated

a second time in Russian. You are a good girl.—Here is some one coming to pay you a visit. Good-bye. You are a very good girl.”

And Lemm made his way with hasty steps to the gate, through which there was passing a gentleman who was a stranger to him, dressed in a grey paletot and a broad straw hat. Politely saluting him (he bowed to every new face in O., and always turned away his head from his acquaintances in the street—such was the rule he had adopted), Lemm went past him, and disappeared behind the wall.

The stranger gazed at him as he retired with surprise, then looked at Liza, and went straight up to her.

VII.

"You won't remember me," he said, as he took off his hat, "but I recognised you, though it is seven years since I saw you last. You were a child then. I am Lavretsky. Is your mamma at home? Can I see her?"

"Mamma will be so glad," replied Liza. "She has heard of your arrival."

"Your name is Elizaveta, isn't it?" asked Lavretsky, as he mounted the steps leading up to the house.

"Yes."

"I remember you perfectly. Yours was even in those days one of the faces which one does not forget. I used to bring you sweetmeats then."

Liza blushed a little, and thought to her-

self, "What an odd man!" Lavretsky stopped for a minute in the hall.

Liza entered the drawing-room, in which Panshine's voice and laugh were making themselves heard. He was communicating some piece of town gossip to Maria Dmitrievna and Gedeonovsky, both of whom had by this time returned from the garden, and he was laughing loudly at his own story. At the name of Lavretsky, Maria Dmitrievna became nervous and turned pale, but went forward to receive him.

"How are you? how are you, my dear cousin?" she exclaimed, with an almost lachrymose voice, dwelling on each word she uttered. "How glad I am to see you!"

"How are you, my good cousin?" replied Lavretsky, with a friendly pressure of her outstretched hand. "Is all well with you?"

"Sit down, sit down, my dear Fedor

Ivanovich. Oh, how delighted I am! But first let me introduce my daughter Liza."

"I have already introduced myself to Lizaveta Mikhailovna," interrupted Lavretsky.

"Monsieur Panshine—Sergius Petrovich Gedeonovsky. But do sit down. I look at you, and, really, I can scarcely trust my eyes. But tell me about your health; is it good?"

"I am quite well, as you can see. And you, too, cousin—if I can say so without bringing you bad luck*—you are none the worse for these seven years."

"When I think what a number of years it is since we last saw one another," musingly said Maria Dmitrievna. "Where do you come from now? Where have you

* A reference to the superstition of the "evil eye," still rife among the peasants in Russia. Though it has died out among the educated classes, yet the phrase, "not to cast an evil eye," is still made use of in conversation.

left—that's to say, I meant"—she hurriedly corrected herself—"I meant to say, shall you stay with us long?"

"I come just now from Berlin," replied Lavretsky, "and to-morrow I shall go into the country—to stay there, in all probability, a long time."

"I suppose you are going to live at Lavriki?"

"No, not at Lavriki; but I have a small property about five-and-twenty versts from here, and I am going there."

"Is that the property which Glafira Petrovna left you?"

"Yes, that's it."

"But really, Fedor Ivanovich, you have such a charming house at Lavriki."

Lavretsky frowned a little.

"Yes—but I have a cottage on the other estate too; I don't require any more just now. That place is—most convenient for me at present."

Maria Dmitrievna became once more so embarrassed that she actually sat upright in her chair, and let her hands drop by her side. Panshine came to the rescue, and entered into conversation with Lavretsky. Maria Dmitrievna by degrees grew calm, leant back again comfortably in her chair, and from time to time contributed a word or two to the conversation. But still she kept looking at her guest so pitifully, sighing so significantly, and shaking her head so sadly, that at last he lost all patience, and asked her, somewhat brusquely, if she was unwell.

"No, thank God!" answered Maria Dmitrievna; "but why do you ask?"

"Because I thought you did not seem quite yourself."

Maria Dmitrievna assumed a dignified and somewhat offended expression.

"If that's the way you take it," she thought, "it's a matter of perfect indifference to me; it's clear that everything

slides off you like water off a goose. Any one else would have withered up with misery, but you've grown fat on it."

Maria Dmitrievna did not stand upon ceremony when she was only thinking to herself. When she spoke aloud she was more choice in her expressions.

And in reality Lavretsky did not look like a victim of destiny. His rosy-cheeked, thoroughly Russian face, with its large white forehead, somewhat thick nose, and long straight lips, seemed to speak of robust health and enduring vigour of constitution. He was powerfully built, and his light hair twined in curls, like a boy's, about his head. Only in his eyes, which were blue, rather prominent, and a little wanting in mobility, an expression might be remarked which it would be difficult to define. It might have been melancholy, or it might have been fatigue; and the ring of his voice seemed somewhat monotonous.

All this time Panshine was supporting the burden of the conversation. He brought it round to the advantages of sugar making, about which he had lately read two French pamphlets; their contents he now proceeded to disclose, speaking with an air of great modesty, but without saying a single word about the sources of his information.

"Why there's Fedia!" suddenly exclaimed the voice of Marfa Timofeevna in the next room, the door of which had been left half open. "Actually Fedia!" And the old lady hastily entered the room. Lavretsky hadn't had time to rise from his chair before she had caught him in her arms. "Let me have a look at you," she exclaimed, holding him at a little distance from her. "Oh, how well you are looking! You've grown a little older, but you haven't altered a bit for the worse, that's a fact. But what makes you kiss my hand, kiss my face if you please, unless you don't like the

look of my wrinkled cheeks. I dare say you never asked after me, or whether your aunt was alive or no. And yet it was my hands received you when you first saw the light, you good-for-nothing fellow! Ah, well, it's all one. But it was a good idea of yours to come here. I say, my dear," she suddenly exclaimed, turning to Maria Dmitrievna, "have you offered him any refreshment?"

"I don't want anything," hastily said Lavretsky.

"Well, at all events, you will drink tea with us, *batyushka*. Gracious heavens! A man comes, goodness knows from how far off, and no one gives him so much as a cup of tea. Liza, go and see after it quickly. I remember he was a terrible glutton when he was a boy, and even now, perhaps, he is fond of eating and drinking."

"Allow me to pay my respects, Marfa Timofeevna," said Panshine, coming up to

the excited old lady, and making her a low bow.

"Pray excuse me, my dear sir," replied Marfa Timofeevna, "I overlooked you in my joy. You're just like your dear mother," she continued, turning anew to Lavretsky, "only you always had your father's nose, and you have it still. Well, shall you stay here long?"

"I go away to-morrow, aunt."

"To where?"

"To my house at Vasilievskoe."

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow."

"Well, if it must be to-morrow, so be it. God be with you! You know what is best for yourself. Only mind you come and say good-bye." The old lady tapped him gently on the cheek. "I didn't suppose I should live to see you come back: not that I thought I was going to die—no, no; I have life enough left in me for ten years to

come. All we Pestofs are long-lived—your late grandfather used to call us double-lived ; but God alone could tell how long you were going to loiter abroad. Well, well ! You are a fine fellow—a very fine fellow. I dare say you can still lift ten poods* with one hand, as you used to do. Your late father, if you'll excuse my saying so, was as nonsensical as he could be, but he did well in getting you that Swiss tutor. Do you remember the boxing matches you used to have with him ? Gymnastics, wasn't it, you used to call them ? But why should I go on cackling like this ? I shall only prevent Monsieur Panshine (she never laid the accent on the first syllable of his name as she ought to have done) from favouring us with his opinions. On the whole we had much better go and have tea. Yes, let's go and have it on the terrace. We have magnificent cream—not like what they have in

* The pood weighs thirty-six pounds.

your Londons and Parises. Come away, come away ; and you, Fediouchka, give me your arm. What a strong arm you have, to be sure ! I shan't fall while you're by my side."

Every one rose and went out on the terrace, except Gedeonovsky, who slipped away stealthily. During the whole time Lavretsky was talking with the mistress of the house, with Panshine, and with Marfa Timofeevna, that old gentleman had been sitting in his corner, squeezing up his eyes and shooting out his lips, while he listened with the curiosity of a child to all that was being said. When he left, it was that he might hasten to spread through the town the news of the recent arrival.

Here is a picture of what was taking place at eleven o'clock that same evening in the Kalitines' house. Down-stairs, on the threshold of the drawing-room, Panshine

was taking leave of Liza and saying, as he held her hand in his—

“You know who it is that attracts me here; you know why I am always coming to your house. Of what use are words when all is so clear?”

Liza did not say a word in reply, she did not even smile. Slightly arching her eyebrows, and growing rather red, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, but did not withdraw her hand. Up-stairs, in Marfa Timofeevna's room, the light of the lamp which hung in the corner before the age-embrowned sacred pictures, fell on Lavretsky as he sat in an arm-chair, his elbows resting on his knees, his face hidden in his hands. In front of him stood the old lady, who from time to time silently passed her hand over his hair. He spent more than an hour with her after taking leave of the mistress of the house, he scarcely saying a word to his kind old friend, and she not asking him

any questions. And why should he have spoken? what could she have asked? She understood all so well, she so fully sympathized with all the feelings which filled his heart.

VIII.

FEDOR IVANOVICH LAVRETSKY (we must ask our reader's permission to break off the thread of the story for a time) sprang from a noble family of long descent. The founder of the race migrated from Prussia during the reign of Basil the Blind,* and was favoured with a grant of two hundred *chetverts*† of land in the district of Biejetsk. Many of his descendants filled various official positions, and were appointed to governorships in distant places, under princes and influential personages, but none of them obtained any great amount of property, or

* In the fifteenth century.

† An old measure of land, variously estimated at from two to six acres.

arrived at a higher dignity than that of inspector of the Czar's table.

The richest and most influential of all the Lavretskys was Fedor Ivanovich's paternal great grandfather Andrei, a man who was harsh, insolent, shrewd, and crafty. Even up to the present day men have never ceased to talk about his despotic manners, his furious temper, his senseless prodigality, and his insatiable avarice. He was very tall and stout, his complexion was swarthy, and he wore no beard. He lisped, and he generally seemed half asleep. But the more quietly he spoke, the more did all around him tremble. He had found a wife not unlike himself. She had a round face, a yellow complexion, prominent eyes, and the nose of a hawk. A gipsy by descent, passionate and vindictive in temper, she refused to yield in anything to her husband, who all but brought her to her grave, and whom, although she had been eternally squabbling

with him, she could not bear long to survive.

Andrei's son, Peter, our Fedor's grandfather, did not take after his father. He was a simple country gentleman; rather odd, noisy in voice and slow in action, rough but not malicious, hospitable, and devoted to coursing. He was more than thirty years old when he inherited from his father two thousand souls,* all in excellent condition; but he soon began to squander his property, a part of which he disposed of by sale, and he spoilt his household. His large, warm, and dirty rooms were full of people of small degree, known and unknown, who swarmed in from all sides like cockroaches. All these visitors gorged themselves with whatever came in their way, drank their fill to intoxication, and carried off what they could, extolling and glorifying their affable host. As for their host, when he was out of

* Male serfs.

humour with them, he called them scamps and parasites ; but when deprived of their company, he soon found himself bored.

The wife of Peter Andreich was a quiet creature, whom he had taken from a neighbouring family in acquiescence with his father's choice and command. Her name was Anna Pavlovna. She never interfered in anything, received her guests cordially, and went out into society herself with pleasure—although “it was death” to her, to use her own phrase, to have to powder herself. “They put a felt cap on your head,” she used to say in her old age ; “they combed all your hair straight up on end, they smeared it with grease, they strewed it with flour, they stuck it full of iron pins ; you couldn't wash it away afterwards. But to pay a visit without powdering was impossible. People would have taken offence. What a torment it was !” She liked to drive fast, and she was ready to play at cards

from morning till evening. When her husband approached the card-table, she was always in the habit of covering with her hand the trumpery losses scored up against her ; but she had made over to him, without reserve, all her dowry, all the money she had. She brought him two children—a son named Ivan, our Fedor's father, and a daughter, Glafira.*

Ivan was not brought up at home, but in the house of an old and wealthy maiden aunt, Princess Kubensky. She styled him her heir (if it had not been for that, his father would not have let him go), dressed him like a doll, gave him teachers of every kind, and placed him under the care of a French tutor—an ex-abbé, a pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau—a certain M. Courtin de Vaucelles, an adroit and subtle intriguer—“the very *fine fleur* of the emigration,” as

* The accent should be on the second syllable of this name.

she expressed herself ; and she ended by marrying this *fine fleur* when she was almost seventy years old. She transferred all her property to his name, and soon afterwards, rouged, perfumed with amber *à la Richelieu*, surrounded by negro boys, Italian greyhounds, and noisy parrots, she died, stretched on a crooked silken couch of the style of Louis the Fifteenth, with an enamelled snuff-box of Petitot's work in her hands—and died deserted by her husband. The insinuating M. Courtin had preferred to take himself and her money off to Paris.

Ivan was in his twentieth year when this unexpected blow struck him. We speak of the Princess's marriage, not her death. In his aunt's house, in which he had suddenly passed from the position of a wealthy heir to that of a hanger-on, he would not stay any longer. In Petersburg, the society in which he had grown up closed its doors upon him. For the lower ranks of the

public service, and the laborious and obscure life they involved, he felt a strong repugnance. All this, it must be remembered, took place in the earliest part of the reign of the Emperor Alexander I.* He was obliged, greatly against his will, to return to his father's country house. Dirty, poor, and miserable did the paternal nest seem to him. The solitude and the dulness of a retired country life offended him at every step. He was devoured by ennui; besides, every one in the house, except his mother, regarded him with unloving eyes. His father disliked his metropolitan habits, his dress-coats and shirt-frills, his books, his flute, his cleanliness—from which he justly argued that his son regarded him with a feeling of aversion. He was always grumbling at his son, and complaining of his conduct.

“Nothing we have here pleases him,” he used to say. “He is so fastidious at table,

* When corruption was the rule in the public service.

he eats nothing. He cannot bear the air and the smell of the room. The sight of drunken people upsets him ; and as to beating any one before him, you mustn't dare to do it. Then he won't enter the service ; his health is delicate, forsooth ! Bah ! What an effeminate creature !—and all because his head is full of Voltaire !” The old man particularly disliked Voltaire, and also the “infidel” Diderot, although he had never read a word of their works. Reading was not in his line.

Peter Andreich was not mistaken. Both Diderot and Voltaire really were in his son's head ; and not they alone. Rousseau and Raynal and Helvetius also, and many other similar writers, were in his head ; but in his head only. Ivan Petrovich's former tutor, the retired abbé and encyclopædist, had satisfied himself with pouring all the collective wisdom of the eighteenth century over his pupil ; and so the pupil existed, saturated with it. It held its own in him

without mixing with his blood, without sinking into his mind, without resolving into fixed convictions. And would it be reasonable to ask for convictions from a youngster half a century ago, when we have not even yet acquired any?

Ivan Petrovich disconcerted the visitors also in his father's house. He was too proud to have anything to do with them; they feared him. With his sister Glafira, too, who was twelve years his senior, he did not at all agree. This Glafira was a strange being. Plain, deformed, meagre, with staring and severe eyes, and with thin, compressed lips, she, in her face and her voice, and in her angular and quick movements, resembled her grandmother, the gipsy, Andrei's wife. Obstinate, and fond of power, she would not even hear of marriage. Ivan Petrovich's return home was by no means to her taste. So long as the Princess Kubensky kept him with her, Glafira had

hoped to obtain at least half of her father's property ; and in her avarice, as well as in other points, she resembled her grandmother. Besides this, Glafira was jealous of her brother. He had been educated so well ; he spoke French so correctly, with a Parisian accent ; and she scarcely knew how to say "*Bonjour,*" and "*Comment vous portez vous ?*" It is true that her parents were entirely ignorant of French, but that did not make things any better for her.

As to Ivan Petrovich, he did not know what to do with himself for vexation and ennui ; he had not spent quite a year in the country, but even this time seemed to him like ten years. It was only with his mother that he was at ease in spirit ; and for whole hours he used to sit in her low suite of rooms listening to the good lady's simple, unconnected talk, and stuffing himself with preserves. It happened that among Anna Pavlovna's maids there was a very

pretty girl, named Malania. Intelligent and modest, with calm, sweet eyes, and finely-cut features, she pleased Ivan Petrovich from the very first, and he soon fell in love with her. He loved her timid gait, her modest replies, her gentle voice, her quiet smile. Every day she seemed to him more attractive than before. And she attached herself to Ivan Petrovich with the whole strength of her soul—as only Russian girls know how to devote themselves—and gave herself to him. In a country house no secret can be preserved long; in a short time almost every one knew of the young master's fondness for Malania. At last the news reached Peter Andreich himself. At another time it is probable that he would have paid very little attention to so unimportant an affair; but he had long nursed a grudge against his son, and he was delighted to have an opportunity of disgracing the philosophical ex-

quisite from St. Petersburg. There ensued a storm, attended by noise and outcry. Malania was locked up in the store-room.* Ivan Petrovich was summoned into his father's presence. Anna Pavlovna also came running to the scene of confusion, and tried to appease her husband; but he would not listen to a word she said. Like a hawk, he pounced upon his son, charging him with immorality, atheism, and hypocrisy. He eagerly availed himself of so good an opportunity of discharging on him all his long-gathered spite against the Princess Kubensky, and overwhelmed him with insulting expressions.

At first Ivan Petrovich kept silence, and maintained his hold over himself; but when his father thought fit to threaten him with a disgraceful punishment, he could bear it no longer. "Ah!" he thought, "the infidel Diderot is going to be brought

* A sort of closet under the stairs.

forward again. Well, then, I will put his teaching in action." And so with a quiet and even voice, although with a secret shuddering in all his limbs, he told his father that it was a mistake to accuse him of immorality; that he had no intention of justifying his fault, but that he was ready to make amends for it, and that all the more willingly, inasmuch as he felt himself superior to all prejudices; and, in fact—that he was ready to marry Malania. In uttering these words Ivan Petrovich undoubtedly attained the end he had in view. Peter Andreich was so confounded that he opened his eyes wide, and for a moment was struck dumb; but he immediately recovered his senses, and then and there, just as he was, wrapped in a dressing-gown trimmed with squirrels' fur, and with slippers on his bare feet, he rushed with clenched fists at his son, who, as if on purpose, had dressed his hair that day *à la Titus*, and had put on

a blue dress-coat, quite new and made in the English fashion, tasselled boots, and dandified, tight-fitting buckskin pantaloons. Anna Pavlovna uttered a loud shriek, and hid her face in her hands; meanwhile her son ran right through the house, jumped into the court-yard, threw himself first into the kitchen garden and then into the flower garden, flew across the park into the road, and ran and ran, without once looking back, until at last he ceased to hear behind him the sound of his father's heavy feet, the loud and broken cries with which his father sobbed out, "Stop, villain! Stop, or I will curse you!"

Ivan Petrovich took refuge in the house of a neighbour,* and his father returned

* Literally, "of a neighbouring *Odnodvoretz*." That word signifies one who belongs by descent to the class of nobles and proprietors, but who has no serfs belonging to him, and is really a moujik, or peasant. Some villages are composed of inhabitants of this class, who are often intelligent, though uneducated.

home utterly exhausted, and bathed in perspiration. There he announced, almost before he had given himself time to recover breath, that he withdrew his blessing and his property from his son, whose stupid books he condemned to be burnt; and he gave orders to have the girl Malania sent, without delay, to a distant village. Some good people found out where Ivan Petrovich was, and told him everything. Full of shame and rage, he swore vengeance upon his father; and that very night, having lain in wait for the peasant's cart on which Malania was being sent away, he carried her off by force, galloped with her to the nearest town, and there married her. He was supplied with the necessary means by a neighbour, a hard-drinking, retired sailor, who was exceedingly good-natured, and a very great lover of all "noble histories," as he called them.

The next day Ivan Petrovich sent his

father a letter, which was frigidly and ironically polite, and then betook himself to the estate of two of his second cousins—Dmitry Pestof, and his sister Marfa Timofeevna, with the latter of whom the reader is already acquainted. He told them everything that had happened, announced his intention of going to St. Petersburg to seek an appointment, and begged them to give shelter to his wife, even if only for a time. At the word “wife” he sobbed bitterly; and, in spite of his metropolitan education, and his philosophy, he humbly, like a thorough Russian peasant, knelt down at the feet of his relations, and even touched the floor with his forehead.

The Pestofs, who were kind and compassionate people, willingly consented to his request. With them he spent three weeks, secretly expecting an answer from his father. But no answer came; no answer could come. Peter Andreich, when he re-

ceived the news of the marriage, took to his bed, and gave orders that his son's name should never again be mentioned to him ; but Ivan's mother, without her husband's knowledge, borrowed five hundred paper roubles from a neighbouring priest,* and sent them to her son with a little sacred picture for his wife. She was afraid of writing, but she told her messenger, a spare little peasant who could walk sixty versts in a day, to say to Ivan that he was not to fret too much, that, please God, all would yet go right, and his father's wrath would turn to kindness—that she too would have preferred a different daughter-in-law, but that evidently God had willed it as it was, and that she sent her parental benediction to Malania Sergievna. The spare little peasant had a rouble given him, asked leave to see

* Literally, "from the *Blagochinny*," an ecclesiastic who exercises supervision over a number of churches or parishes, a sort of Rural Dean.

the new mistress, whose gossip* he was, kissed her hand, and returned home.

So Ivan Petrovich betook himself to St. Petersburg with a light heart. An unknown future lay before him. Poverty might menace him; but he had broken with the hateful life in the country, and, above all, he had not fallen short of his instructors; he had really "put into action," and indeed done justice to, the doctrines of Rousseau, Diderot, and the "Declaration of the Rights of Man." The conviction of having accomplished a duty, a sense of pride and of triumph, filled his soul; and the fact of having to separate from his wife did not greatly alarm him; he would far sooner have been troubled by the necessity of having constantly to live with her. He had now to think of other affairs. One task was finished.

* The word is used in its old meaning of "fellow-sponsor."

In St. Petersburg, contrary to his own expectations, he was successful. The Princess Kubensky—whom M. Courtin had already flung aside, but who had not yet contrived to die—in order that she might, at least to some extent, make amends for her conduct towards her nephew, recommended him to all her friends, and gave him five thousand roubles, almost all the money she had left, and a watch, with his crest wrought on its back surrounded by a wreath of Cupids.

Three months had not gone by before he received an appointment on the staff of the Russian embassy in London, whither he set sail (steamers were not even talked about then) in the first homeward bound English vessel he could find. A few months later he received a letter from Pestof. The kind-hearted gentleman congratulated him on the birth of a son, who had come into the world at the village of Pokrovskoe, on the

20th of August, 1807, and had been named Fedor, in honour of the holy martyr, Fedor Stratilates. On account of her extreme weakness, Malania Sergievna could add only a few lines. But even those few astonished Ivan Petrovich; he was not aware that Marfa Timofeevna had taught his wife to read and write.

It must not be supposed that Ivan Petrovich gave himself up for any length of time to the sweet emotion caused by paternal feeling. He was just then paying court to one of the celebrated Phrynes or Laises of the day—classical names were still in vogue at that time. The peace of Tilsit was only just concluded,* and every one was hastening to enjoy himself, every one was being swept round by a giddy whirlwind. The black eyes of a bold beauty had helped to

* In consequence of which, the Russian embassy was withdrawn from London, and Ivan Petrovich probably went to Paris.

•
turn his head also. He had very little money, but he played cards luckily, made friends, joined in all possible diversions—in a word, he sailed with all sail set.

IX.

FOR a long time the old Lavretsky could not forgive his son for his marriage. If, at the end of six months, Ivan Petrovich had appeared before him with contrite mien, and had fallen at his feet, the old man would, perhaps, have pardoned the offender—after having soundly abused him, and given him a tap with his crutch by way of frightening him. But Ivan Petrovich went on living abroad, and, apparently, troubled himself but little about his father. “Silence! don’t dare to say another word!” exclaimed Peter Andreich to his wife, every time she tried to mollify him. “That puppy ought to be always praying to God for me, since I have not laid my curse upon him, the good-for-

nothing fellow ! Why, my late father would have killed him with his own hands, and he would have done well." All that Anna Pavlovna could do was to cross herself stealthily when she heard such terrible words as these. As to his son's wife, Peter Andreich would not so much as hear of her at first ; and even when he had to answer a letter in which his daughter-in-law was mentioned by Pestof, he ordered a message to be sent to him to say that he did not know of any one who could be his daughter-in-law, and that it was contrary to the law to shelter runaway female serfs, a fact of which he considered it a duty to warn him. But afterwards, on learning the birth of his grandson, his heart softened a little ; he gave orders that inquiries should be secretly made on his behalf about the mother's health, and he sent her—but still, not as if it came from himself—a small sum of money.

Before Fedor was a year old, his grand-

mother, Anna Pavlovna, was struck down by a mortal complaint. A few days before her death, when she could no longer rise from her bed, she told her husband in the presence of the priest, while her dying eyes swam with timid tears, that she wished to see her daughter-in-law, and to bid her farewell, and to bless her grandson. The old man, who was greatly moved, bade her set her mind at rest, and immediately sent his own carriage for his daughter-in-law, calling her, for the first time, Malania Sergievna.* Malania arrived with her boy, and with Marfa Timofeevna, whom nothing would have induced to allow her to go alone, and who was determined not to allow her to meet with any harm. Half dead with fright, Malania Sergievna entered her father-in-law's study, a nurse carrying Fedia behind her. Peter Andreich looked at her in

* That is to say, no longer speaking of her as if she were still a servant.

silence. She drew near and took his hand, on which her quivering lips could scarcely press a silent kiss.

"Well, noble lady,"* he said at last,—
"Good day to you; let's go to my wife's room."

He rose and bent over Fedia; the babe smiled and stretched out its tiny white hands towards him. The old man was touched.

"Ah, my orphaned one!" he said.
"You have successfully pleaded your father's cause. I will not desert you, little bird."

As soon as Malania Sergievna entered Anna Pavlovna's bed-room, she fell on her knees near the door. Anna Pavlovna, having made her a sign to come to her bedside, embraced her, and blessed her

* Literally, "thrashed-while-damp noblewoman," i.e., hastily ennobled. Much corn is thrashed in Russia before it has had time to get dry.

child. Then, turning towards her husband a face worn by cruel suffering, she would have spoken to him, but he prevented her.

"I know, I know what you want to ask," he said; "don't worry yourself. She shall remain with us, and for her sake I will forgive Vanka."*

Anna Pavlovna succeeded by a great effort in getting hold of her husband's hand and pressing it to her lips. That same evening she died.

Peter Andreich kept his word. He let his son know that out of respect to his mother's last moments, and for the sake of the little Fedor, he gave him back his blessing, and would keep Malania Sergievna in his house. A couple of small rooms up-stairs were accordingly given to Malania, and he presented her to his most important acquaint-

* A diminutive of Ivan, somewhat expressive of contempt. Vanya is the affectionate form.

ances, the one-eyed Brigadier Skurekhine and his wife. He also placed two maid-servants at her disposal, and a page to run her errands.

After Marfa Timofeevna had left her—who had conceived a perfect hatred for Glafira, and had quarrelled with her three times in the course of a single day—the poor woman at first found her position difficult and painful. But after a time she attained endurance, and grew accustomed to her father-in-law. He, on his part, grew accustomed to her, and became fond of her, though he scarcely ever spoke to her, although in his caresses themselves a certain involuntary contempt showed itself. But it was her sister-in-law who made Malania suffer the most. Even during her mother's lifetime, Glafira had gradually succeeded in getting the entire management of the house into her own hands. Every one, from her father downwards, yielded to

her. Without her permission not even a lump of sugar was to be got. She would have preferred to die rather than to delegate her authority to another housewife—and such a housewife too! She had been even more irritated than Peter Andreich by her brother's marriage, so she determined to read the upstart a good lesson, and from the very first Malania Sergievna became her slave. And Malania, utterly without defence, weak in health, constantly a prey to trouble and alarm—how could she have striven against the proud and strong-willed Glafira? Not a day passed without Glafira reminding her of her former position, and praising her for not forgetting herself. Malania Sergievna would willingly have acquiesced in these reminders and praisings, however bitter they might be—but her child had been taken away from her. This drove her to despair. Under the pretext that she was not qualified to

see after his education, she was scarcely ever allowed to go near him. Glafira undertook the task. The child passed entirely into her keeping.

In her sorrow, Malania Sergievna began to implore her husband in her letters to return quickly. Peter Andreich himself wished to see his son, but Ivan Petrovich merely sent letters in reply. He thanked his father for what had been done for his wife, and for the money which had been sent to himself, and he promised to come home soon—but he did not come.

At last the year 1812 recalled him from abroad. On seeing each other for the first time after a separation of six years, the father and the son met in a warm embrace, and did not say a single word in reference to their former quarrels. Nor was it a time for that. All Russia was rising against the foe, and they both felt that Russian blood flowed in their veins. Peter

Andreich equipped a whole regiment of volunteers at his own expense. But the war ended ; the danger passed away. Ivan Petrovich once more become bored, once more he was allured into the distance, into that world in which he had grown up, and in which he felt himself at home. Malania could not hold him back ; she was valued at very little in his eyes. Even what she really had hoped had not been fulfilled. Like the rest, her husband thought that it was decidedly most expedient to confide Fedia's education to Glafira. Ivan's poor wife could not bear up against this blow, could not endure this second separation. Without a murmur, at the end of a few days, she quietly passed away.

In the course of her whole life she had never been able to resist anything ; and so with her illness, also, she did not struggle. When she could no longer speak, and the shadows of death already lay on her face,

her features still retained their old expression of patient perplexity, of unruffled and submissive sweetness. With her usual silent humility, she gazed at Glafira ; and as Anna Pavlovna on her death-bed had kissed the hand of Peter Andreich, so she pressed her lips to Glafira's hand, as she confided to Glafira's care her only child. So did this good and quiet being end her earthly career. Like a shrub torn from its native soil, and the next moment flung aside, its roots upturned to the sun, she withered and disappeared, leaving no trace behind, and no one to grieve for her. It is true that her maids regretted her, and so did Peter Andreich. The old man missed her kindly face, her silent presence. "Forgive — farewell — my quiet one!" he said, as he took leave of her for the last time, in the church. He wept as he threw a handful of earth into her grave.

He did not long survive her—not more than five years. In the winter of 1819, he

died peacefully in Moscow, whither he had gone with Glafira and his grandson. In his will he desired to be buried by the side of Anna Pavlovna and "Malasha."*

Ivan Petrovich was at that time amusing himself in Paris, having retired from the service soon after the year 1815. On receiving the news of his father's death, he determined to return to Russia. The organisation of his property had to be considered. Besides, according to Glafira's letter, Fedia had finished his twelfth year; and the time had come for taking serious thought about his education.

* Diminutive of Malania.

X.

IVAN PETROVICH returned to Russia an Anglomaniac. Short hair, starched frills, a pea-green, long-skirted coat with a number of little collars ; a sour expression of countenance, something trenchant and at the same time careless in his demeanour, an utterance through the teeth, an abrupt wooden laugh, an absence of smile, a habit of conversing only on political or politico-economical subjects, a passion for under-done roast beef and port wine—everything in him breathed, so to speak, of Great Britain. He seemed entirely imbued by its spirit. But, strange to say, while becoming an Anglomaniac, Ivan Petrovich had also become a patriot,—at all events he called himself a patriot,—

although he knew very little about Russia, he had not retained a single Russian habit, and he expressed himself in Russian oddly. In ordinary talk, his language was colourless and unwieldy, and absolutely bristled with Gallicisms. But the moment that the conversation turned upon serious topics, Ivan Petrovich immediately began to give utterance to such expressions as "to render manifest abnormal symptoms of enthusiasm," or "This is extravagantly inconsistent with the essential nature of circumstances," and so forth. He had brought with him some manuscript plans, intended to assist in the organisation and improvement of the empire. For he was greatly discontented with what he saw taking place. It was the absence of system which especially roused his indignation.

At his interview with his sister, he informed her in the first words he spoke that he meant to introduce radical reforms on his

property, and that for the future all his affairs would be conducted on a new system. Glafira made no reply, but she clenched her teeth and thought, "What is to become of me then?" However, when she had gone with her brother and her nephew to the estate, her mind was soon set at ease. It is true that a few changes were made in the house, and the hangers-on and parasites were put to immediate flight. Among their number suffered two old women, the one blind, the other paralysed, and also a worn-out major of the Ochakof* days, who, on account of his great voracity, was fed upon nothing but black bread and lentiles. An order was given also not to receive any of the former visitors; they were replaced by a distant neighbour, a certain blond and scrofulous baron, an exceedingly well brought-up and remarkably dull man. New

* Ochakof is a town which was taken from the Turks by the Russians in 1788.

furniture was sent from Moscow ; spittoons, bells, and washhand basins were introduced ; the breakfast was served in a novel fashion ; foreign wines replaced the old national spirits and liqueurs ; new liveries were given to the servants, and to the family coat of arms was added the motto, "*In recto virtus.*"

In reality, however, the power of Glafira did not diminish ; all receipts and expenditures were settled, as before, by her. A valet, who had been brought from abroad, a native of Alsace, tried to compete with her, and lost his place, in spite of the protection which his master generally afforded him. In all that related to house-keeping, and also to the administration of the estate (for with these things too Glafira interfered)—in spite of the intention often expressed by Ivan Petrovich "to breathe new life into the chaos,"—all remained on the old footing. Only the *obrok** remained

* What the peasant paid his lord in money.

on the old footing, and the *barshina** became heavier, and the peasants were forbidden to go straight to Ivan Petrovich. The patriot already despised his fellow-citizens heartily. Ivan Petrovich's system was applied in its full development only to Fedia. The boy's education really underwent "a radical reform." His father undertook the sole direction of it himself.

* What the peasant paid his lord in labour.

XI.

UNTIL the return of Ivan Petrovich from abroad, Fedia remained, as we have already said, in the hands of Glafira Petrovna. He was not yet eight years old when his mother died. It was not every day that he had been allowed to see her, but he had become passionately attached to her. His recollections of her, especially of her pale and gentle face, her mournful eyes, and her timid caresses, were indelibly impressed upon his heart. It was but vaguely that he understood her position in the house, but he felt that between him and her there existed a barrier which she dared not and could not destroy. He felt shy of his father, who, on his part, never caressed him. His grandfather sometimes smoothed his hair and gave him his

hand to kiss, but called him a savage, and thought him a fool. After Malania's death his aunt took him regularly in hand. Fedia feared her, feared her bright sharp eyes, her cutting voice; he never dared to make the slightest noise in her presence; if by chance he stirred ever so little on his chair, she would immediately exclaim in her hissing voice, "Where are you going? sit still!"


On Sundays, after mass, he was allowed to play—that is to say, a thick book was given to him, a mysterious book, the work of a certain Maksimovich-Ambodik, bearing the title of "Symbols and Emblems." In this book there were to be found about a thousand for the most part very puzzling pictures, with equally puzzling explanations in five languages. Cupid, represented with a naked and chubby body, played a great part in these pictures. To one of them, the title of which was "Saffron and the Rainbow," was appended the explanation, "The effect of

this is great." Opposite another, which represented "A Stork, flying with a violet in its beak," stood this motto, "To thee they are all known;" and "Cupid, and a bear licking its cub," was styled "Little by Little." Fedia used to pore over these pictures. He was familiar with them all even to their minutest details. Some of them—it was always the same ones—made him reflect, and excited his imagination: of other diversions he knew nothing.

When the time came for teaching him languages and music, Glafira Petrovna hired an old maid for a mere trifle, a Swede, whose eyes looked sideways, like a hare's, who spoke French and German more or less badly, played the piano so so, and pickled cucumbers to perfection. In the company of this governess, of his aunt, and of an old servant maid called Vasilievna, Fedia passed four whole years. Sometimes he would sit in a corner with his "Emblems"—there he

would sit and sit. A scent of geraniums filled the low room, one tallow candle burnt dimly, the cricket chirped monotonously as if it were bored, the little clock ticked busily on the wall, a mouse scratched stealthily and gnawed behind the tapestry; and the three old maids, like the three Fates, knitted away silently and swiftly, the shadows of their hands now scampering along, now mysteriously quivering in the dusk; and strange, no less dusky, thoughts were being born in the child's mind.

No one would have called Fedia an interesting child. He was rather pale, but stout, badly built, and awkward—a regular moujik, to use the expression employed by Glafira Petrovna. The pallor would soon have vanished from his face if they had let him go out more into the fresh air. He learnt his lessons pretty well, though he was often idle. He never cried, but he sometimes evinced a savage obstinacy. At



those times no one could do anything with him. Fedia did not love a single one of the persons by whom he was surrounded. Alas for that heart which has not loved in youth !

Such did Ivan Petrovich find him when he returned, and, without losing time, he at once began to apply his system to him.

“ I want, above all, to make a man of him—*un homme*,” he said to Glafira Petrovna, “ and not only a man, but a Spartan.” This plan he began to carry out by dressing his boy in Highland costume. The twelve-year-old little fellow had to go about with bare legs, and with a cock’s feather in his cap. The Swedish governess was replaced by a young tutor from Switzerland, who was acquainted with all the niceties of gymnastics. Music was utterly forbidden, as an accomplishment unworthy of a man. Natural science, international law, and mathematics, as well as carpentry, which was selected in accordance with the advice

of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and heraldry, which was introduced for the maintenance of chivalrous ideas—these were the subjects to which the future “man” had to give his attention. He had to get up at four in the morning and take a cold bath immediately, after which he had to run round a high pole at the end of a cord. He had one meal a day, consisting of one dish; he rode on horseback, and he shot with a cross-bow. On every fitting occasion he had to exercise himself, in imitation of his father, in gaining strength of will; and every evening he used to write, in a book reserved for that purpose, an account of how he had spent the day, and what were his ideas on the subject. Ivan Petrovich, on his side, wrote instructions for him in French, in which he styled him *mon fils*, and addressed him as *vous*. Fedia used to say “thou” to his father in Russian, but he did not dare to sit down in his presence.

The "system" muddled the boy's brains, confused his ideas, and cramped his mind ; but, as far as his physical health was concerned, the new kind of life acted on him beneficially. At first he fell ill with a fever, but he soon recovered and became a fine fellow. His father grew proud of him, and styled him in his curious language "the child of nature, my creation." When Fedia reached the age of sixteen, Ivan Petrovich considered it a duty to inspire him in good time with contempt for the female sex—and so the young Spartan, with the first down beginning to appear upon his lips, timid in feeling, but with a body full of blood, and strength, and energy, already tried to seem careless, and cold, and rough.

Meanwhile time passed by. Ivan Petrovich spent the greater part of the year at Lavriki—that was the name of his chief hereditary estate ; but in winter he used to go by himself to Moscow, where he put up

at a hotel, attended his club assiduously, aired his eloquence freely, explained his plans in society, and more than ever gave himself out as an Anglomaniac, a grumbler, and a statesman. But the year 1825 came and brought with it much trouble.* Ivan Petrovich's intimate friends and acquaintances underwent a heavy tribulation. He made haste to betake himself far away into the country, and there he shut himself up in his house. Another year passed and Ivan Petrovich suddenly broke down, became feeble, and utterly gave way. His health having deserted him, the freethinker began to go to church, and to order prayers to be said for him;† the European began to steam himself in the Russian bath, to dine

* Arising from the conspiracy of the "Decembrists" and their attempts at a revolution, on the occasion of the death of Alexander I., and the accession of Nicholas to the throne.

† *Molebni*: prayers in which the name of the person who has paid for them is mentioned.

at two o'clock, to go to bed at nine, to be talked to sleep by the gossip of an old house-steward; the statesman burnt all his plans and all his correspondence, trembled before the governor, and treated the *Ispravnik* * with uneasy civility; the man of iron will whimpered and complained whenever he was troubled by a boil, or when his soup had got cold before he was served with it. Glafira again ruled supreme in the house; again did inspectors, overseers,† and simple peasants begin to go up the back staircase to the rooms occupied by the "old witch"—as she was called by the servants of the house.

The change which had taken place in Ivan Petrovich produced a strong impression on the mind of his son. He had

* Inspector of rural police.

† *Prikashchiki* and *Burmistrui*: two classes of overseers, the former dealing with economical matters only, the latter having to do with the administrative department also.

already entered on his nineteenth year, and he had begun to think for himself, and to shake off the weight of the hand which had been pressing him down. Even before this he had remarked how different were his father's deeds from his words, the wide and liberal theories he professed from the hard and narrow despotism he practised ; but he had not expected so abrupt a transformation. In his old age the egotist revealed himself in his full nature. The young Lavretsky was just getting ready to go to Moscow, with a view to preparing himself for the university, when a new and unexpected misfortune fell on the head of Ivan Petrovich. In the course of a single day the old man became blind, hopelessly blind.

Distrusting the skill of Russian medical men, he did all he could to get permission to travel abroad. It was refused. Then, taking his son with him, he wandered about Russia for three whole years trying one

doctor after another, incessantly journeying from place to place, and, by his impatient fretfulness, driving his doctors, his son, and his servants, to the verge of despair. Utterly used up,* he returned to Lavriki a weeping and capricious infant. Days of bitterness ensued, in which all suffered at his hands. He was quiet only while he was feeding. Never had he eaten so much, nor so greedily. At all other moments he allowed neither himself nor any one else to be at peace. He prayed, grumbled at fate, found fault with himself, with his system, with politics, with all which he used to boast of, with all that he had ever set up as a model for his son. He would declare that he believed in nothing, and then he would betake himself again to prayer ; he could not bear a single moment of solitude, and he compelled his servants constantly to sit near his bed day and night, and to entertain him with stories,

* Literally, "a regular rag."

which he was in the habit of interrupting by exclamations of, "You're all telling lies!" or, "What utter nonsense!"

Glafira Petrovna had the largest share in all the trouble he gave. He was absolutely unable to do without her; and until the very end she fulfilled all the invalid's caprices, though sometimes she was unable to reply immediately to what he said, for fear the tone of her voice should betray the anger which was almost choking her. So he creaked on for two years more, and at length one day, in the beginning of the month of May, he died. He had been carried out to the balcony, and placed there in the sun. "Glasha! Glashka! broth, broth, you old idi—," lisped his stammering tongue; and then, without completing the last word, it became silent for ever. Glafira, who had just snatched the cup of broth from the hands of the majordomo, stopped short, looked her brother in

the face, very slowly crossed herself, and went silently away. And his son, who happened also to be on the spot, did not say a word either, but he bent over the railing of the balcony, and gazed for a long time into the garden, all green and fragrant, all sparkling in the golden sunlight of spring. He was twenty-three years old ; how sadly, how swiftly had those years passed by unmarked ! Life opened out before him now.

XII.

AFTER his father's burial, having confided to the never-changing Glafira Petrovna the administration of his household, and the supervision of his agents, the young Lavretsky set out for Moscow, whither a vague but powerful longing attracted him. He knew in what his education had been defective, and he was determined to supply its deficiencies as far as was possible. In the course of the last five years he had read much, and he had seen a good deal with his own eyes. Many ideas had passed through his mind, many a professor might have envied him some of his knowledge; yet, at the same time, he was entirely ignorant of much that had long been

familiar to every school-boy. Lavretsky felt that he was not at his ease among his fellow-men; he had a secret inkling that he was an exceptional character. The Anglo-maniac had played his son a cruel trick; his capricious education had borne its fruit. For many years he had implicitly obeyed his father; and when at last he had learned to value him aright, the effects of his father's teaching were already produced. Certain habits had become rooted in him. He did not know how to comport himself towards his fellow-men; at the age of twenty-three, with an eager longing after love in his bashful heart, he had not yet dared to look a woman in the face. With his clear and logical, but rather sluggish intellect, with his stubbornness, and his tendency towards inactivity and contemplation, he ought to have been flung at an early age into the whirl of life, instead of which he had been deliberately kept in

seclusion. And now the magic circle was broken, but he remained standing on the same spot, cramped in mind and self-absorbed.

At his age it seemed a little ridiculous to put on the uniform of a student,* but he did not fear ridicule. His Spartan education had at all events been so far useful, inasmuch as it had developed in him a contempt for the world's gossiping. So he donned a student's uniform without being disconcerted, enrolling himself in the faculty of physical and mathematical science. His robust figure, his ruddy face, his sprouting beard, his taciturn manner, produced a singular impression on his comrades. They never suspected that under the rough exterior of this man, who attended the lectures so regularly, driving up in a capacious rustic sledge, drawn by a couple of horses, somewhat almost childlike was concealed.

* The students at the Russian universities used to wear a uniform, but they no longer do so.

They thought him an eccentric sort of pedant, and they made no advances towards him, being able to do very well without him. And he, for his part, avoided them. During the first two years he passed at the university, he became intimate with no one except the student from whom he took lessons in Latin. This student, whose name was Mikhalevich, an enthusiast and somewhat of a poet, grew warmly attached to Lavretsky, and quite accidentally became the cause of a serious change in his fortunes.

One evening when Lavretsky was at the theatre—he never missed a single representation, for Mochalof was then at the summit of his glory—he caught sight of a young girl in a box on the first tier. Never before had his heart beaten so fast, though at that time no woman ever passed before his stern eyes without sending its pulses flying. Leaning on the velvet border of

the box, the girl sat very still. Youthful animation lighted up every feature of her beautiful face ; artistic feeling shone in her lovely eyes, which looked out with a soft, attentive gaze from underneath delicately pencilled eyebrows, in the quick smile of her expressive lips, in the bearing of her head, her arms, her neck. As to her dress, it was exquisite. By her side sat a sallow, wrinkled woman of five-and-forty, wearing a low dress and a black cap, with an unmeaning smile on her vacant face, to which she strove to give an aspect of attention. In the background of the box appeared an elderly man in a roomy coat, and with a high cravat. His small eyes had an expression of stupid conceit, modified by a kind of cringing suspicion ; his moustache and whiskers were dyed, he had an immense meaningless forehead, and flabby cheeks : his whole appearance was that of a retired general.

Lavretsky kept his eyes fixed on the girl who had made such an impression on him. Suddenly the door of the box opened, and Mikhalevich entered. The appearance of the man who was almost his only acquaintance in all Moscow—his appearance in the company of the very girl who had absorbed his whole attention, seemed to Lavretsky strange and significant. As he continued looking at the box, he remarked that all its occupants treated Mikhalevich like an old friend. Lavretsky lost all interest in what was going on upon the stage; even Mochalof, although he was that evening “in the vein,” did not produce his wonted impression upon him. During one very pathetic passage, Lavretsky looked almost involuntarily at the object of his admiration. She was leaning forward, a red glow colouring her cheeks. Her eyes were bent upon the stage, but gradually, under the influence of his fixed look, they turned

and rested on him. All night long those eyes haunted him. At last, the carefully constructed dam was broken through. He shivered and he burnt by turns, and the very next day he went to see Mikhalevich. From him he learned that the name of the girl he admired so much was Varvara Pavlovna Korobine, that the elderly people who were with her in the box were her father and her mother, and that Mikhalevich had become acquainted with them the year before, during the period of his stay as tutor in Count N.'s family near Moscow. The enthusiast spoke of Varvara Pavlovna in the most eulogistic terms. "This girl, my brother," he exclaimed, in his peculiar, jerking kind of sing-song, "is an exceptional being, one endowed with genius, an artist in the true sense of the word, and besides all that, such an amiable creature." Perceiving from Lavretsky's questions how great an impression Varvara Pavlovna had

made upon him, Mikhalevich, of his own accord, proposed to make him acquainted with her, adding that he was on the most familiar terms with them, that the general was not in the least haughty, and that the mother was as unintellectual as she well could be.

Lavretsky blushed, muttered something vague, and took himself off. For five whole days he fought against his timidity; on the sixth the young Spartan donned an entirely new uniform, and placed himself at the disposal of Mikhalevich, who, as an intimate friend of the family, contented himself with setting his hair straight—and the two companions set off together to visit the Korobines.

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XIII.

VARVARA PAVLOVNA's father, Pavel Petrovich Korobine, a retired major-general, had been on duty at St. Petersburg during almost the whole of his life. In his early years he had enjoyed the reputation of being an able dancer and driller, but as he was very poor he had to act as aide-de-camp to two or three generals of small renown in succession, one of whom gave him his daughter in marriage, together with a dowry of 25,000 roubles. Having made himself master of all the science of regulations and parades, even to their subtlest details, he "went on stretching the girth" until at last, after twenty years service, he became a general, and obtained a regiment. At that

point he might have reposed, and have quietly consolidated his fortune. He had indeed counted upon doing so, but he managed his affairs rather imprudently. It seems he had discovered a new method of speculating with the public money. The method turned out an excellent one, but he must needs practise quite unreasonable economy,* so information was laid against him, and a more than disagreeable, a ruinous scandal ensued. Somehow or other the general managed to get clear of the affair; but his career was stopped, and he was recommended to retire from active service. For about a couple of years he lingered on at St. Petersburg, in hopes that a snug civil appointment might fall to his lot; but no such appointment did fall to his lot. His daughter finished her education at the Institute; his expenses increased day by day. So he determined, with suppressed indignation, to go to Mos-

* In other words, he stole, but he neglected to bribe.

cow for economy's sake ; and there, in the Old Stable Street, he hired a little house with an escutcheon seven feet high on the roof, and began to live as retired generals do in Moscow on an income of 2,700 roubles a year.*

Moscow is a hospitable city, and ready to welcome any one who appears there, especially if he is a retired general. Pavel Petrovich's form, which, though heavy, was not devoid of martial bearing, began to appear in the drawing-rooms frequented by the best society of Moscow. The back of his head, bald, with the exception of a few tufts of dyed hair, and the stained ribbon of the Order of St. Anne, which he wore over a stock of the colour of a raven's wing, became familiar to all the young men of pale and wearied aspect who were wont

* Nearly £400, the roubles being "silver" ones. The difference in value between "silver" and "paper" roubles exists no longer

to saunter moodily around the card tables while a dance was going on.

Pavel Petrovich understood how to hold his own in society. He said little, but always, as of old, spoke through the nose—except, of course, when he was talking to people of superior rank. He played at cards prudently, and when he was at home he ate with moderation. At a party he seemed to be feeding for six. Of his wife scarcely anything more can be said than that her name was Calliope Carlovna—that a tear always stood in her left eye, on the strength of which Calliope Carlovna, who to be sure was of German extraction, considered herself a woman of feeling—that she always seemed frightened about something—that she looked as if she never had enough to eat—and that she always wore a tight velvet dress, a cap, and bracelets of thin, dull metal.

As to Varvara Pavlovna, the general's

only daughter, she was but seventeen years old when she left the Institute in which she had been educated. While within its walls she was considered, if not the most beautiful, at all events the most intelligent, of the pupils, and the best musician, and before leaving it she obtained the Cipher.* She was not yet nineteen when Lavretsky saw her for the first time.

* The initial letter of the name of the Empress, worn as a kind of decoration by the best pupils in the Imperial Institutes.

XIV.

THE Spartan's legs trembled when Mikhaevich led him into the Korobines' not over-well furnished drawing-room, and introduced him to its occupants. But he overcame his timidity, and it soon disappeared. In General Korobine that kindliness which is common to all Russians was enhanced by the special affability which is peculiar to all persons whose fair fame has been a little soiled. As for the general's wife, she soon became as it were ignored by the whole party. But Varvara Pavlovna was so calmly, so composedly gracious, that no one could be even for a moment in her presence without feeling himself at his ease. And at the same time from all her charming form,

from her smiling eyes, from her faultlessly sloping shoulders, from the rose-tinged whiteness of her hands, from her elastic but at the same time as it were irresolute gait, from the very sound of her sweet and languorous voice—there breathed, like a delicate perfume, a subtle and incomprehensible charm—something which was at once tender and voluptuous and modest—something which it is difficult to express in words, which stirred the imagination and disturbed the mind, but disturbed it with sensations which were not akin to timidity.

Lavretsky introduced the subject of the theatre and the preceding night's performance; she immediately began to talk about Mochalof of her own accord, and did not confine herself to mere sighs and exclamations, but pronounced several criticisms on his acting, which were as remarkable for sound judgment as for womanly penetration. Mikhalevich mentioned music; she sat down

to the piano without affectation, and played with precision several of Chopin's mazurkas, which were then only just coming into fashion. Dinner time came. Lavretsky would have gone away, but they made him stop, and the general treated him at table with excellent Lafitte, which the footman had been hurriedly sent out to buy at Depré's.

It was late in the evening before Lavretsky returned home, and then he sat for a long time without undressing, covering his eyes with his hand, and yielding to the torpor of enchantment. It seemed to him that he had not till now understood what makes life worth having. All his resolutions and intentions, all the now valueless ideas of other days, had disappeared in a moment. His whole soul melted within him into one feeling, one desire ; into the desire of happiness, of possession, of love, of the sweetness of a woman's love.

From that day he began to visit the Korobines frequently. After six months had passed, he proposed to Varvara Pavlovna, and his offer was accepted. Long, long before, even if it was not the night before Lavretsky's first visit, the general had asked Mikhalevich how many serfs* his friend had. Even Varvara Pavlovna, who had preserved her wonted composure and equanimity during the whole period of her young admirer's courtship, and even at the very moment of his declaration—even Varvara Pavlovna knew perfectly well that her betrothed was rich. And Calliope Carllovna thought to herself, "*Meine Tochter macht eine schöne Partie*"†—and bought herself a new cap.

* Literally, "souls," i.e., male peasants.

† My daughter is going to make a capital match.

XV.

AND so his offer was accepted, but under certain conditions: In the first place, Lavretsky must immediately leave the university. Who could think of marrying a student? And what an extraordinary idea, a landed proprietor, a rich man, at twenty-six years of age, to be taking lessons like a schoolboy! In the second place, Varvara Pavlovna was to take upon herself the trouble of ordering and buying her trousseau. She even chose the presents the bridegroom was to give. She had very good taste, and a great deal of common sense, and she possessed a great liking for comfort, and no small skill in getting herself that comfort. Lavretsky was particu-

larly struck by this talent when, immediately after the wedding, he and his wife set off for Lavriki, travelling in a convenient carriage which she had chosen herself. How carefully all their surroundings had been meditated over by Varvara Pavlovna ! what prescience she had shown in providing them ! What charming travelling contrivances made their appearance in the various convenient corners ! what delicious toilet boxes ! what excellent coffee machines ! and how gracefully did Varvara Pavlovna herself make the coffee in the morning ! But it must be confessed that Lavretsky was little fitted for critical observation just then. He revelled in his happiness, he was intoxicated by his good fortune, he abandoned himself to it like a child—he was, indeed, as innocent as a child, this young Hercules. Not in vain did a charmed influence attach itself to the whole presence of his young wife ; not in vain did she promise

to the imagination a secret treasure of unknown delights. She was even better than her promise.

When she arrived at Lavriki, which was in the very hottest part of the summer, the house seemed to her sombre and in bad order, the servants antiquated and ridiculous; but she did not think it necessary to say a word about this to her husband. If she had intended to settle at Lavriki, she would have altered everything there, beginning of course with the house; but the idea of staying in that out-of-the-way corner never, even for an instant, came into her mind. She merely lodged in it, as she would have done in a tent, putting up with all its discomforts in the sweetest manner; and laughing at them pleasantly.

When Marfa Timofeevna came to see her old pupil, she produced a very favourable impression on Varvara Pavlovna. But Varvara was not at all to the old lady's liking.

Nor did the young mistress of the house get on comfortably with Glafira Petrovna. She herself would have been content to leave Glafira in peace, but the general was anxious to get his hand into the management of his son-in-law's affairs. To see after the property of so near a relative, he said, was an occupation that even a general might adopt without disgrace. It is possible that Pavel Petrovich would not have disdained to occupy himself with the affairs of even an utter stranger.

Varvara Pavlovna carried out her plan of attack very skilfully. Although never putting herself forward, but being to all appearance thoroughly immersed in the bliss of the honeymoon, in the quiet life of the country, in music, and in books, she little by little worked upon Glafira, until that lady, one morning, burst into Lavretsky's study like a maniac, flung her bunch of keys on the table, and announced that

she could no longer look after the affairs of the household, and that she did not wish to remain on the estate. As Lavretsky had been fitly prepared for the scene, he immediately gave his consent to her departure. This Glafira Petrovna had not expected. "Good," she said, and her brow grew dark. "I see that I am not wanted here. I know that I am expelled hence, driven away from the family nest. But, nephew, remember my words—nowhere will you be able to build you a nest; your lot will be to wander about without ceasing. There is my parting legacy to you." That same day she went off to her own little property: a week later General Korobine arrived, and, with a pleasantly subdued air, took the whole management of the estate into his own hands.

In September Varvara Pavlovna carried off her husband to St. Petersburg. There the young couple spent two winters—migrating in the summer to Tsarskoe Selo.

They lived in handsome, bright, admirably-furnished apartments; they made numerous acquaintances in the upper and even the highest circles of society; they went out a great deal and received frequently, giving very charming musical parties and dances. Varvara Pavlovna attracted visitors as a light does moths.

Such a distracting life did not greatly please Fedor Ivanovich. His wife wanted him to enter the service; but, partly in deference to his father's memory, partly in accordance with his own ideas, he would not do so, though he remained in St. Petersburg to please his wife. However, he soon found out that no one objected to his isolating himself, that it was not without an object that his study had been made the quietest and the most comfortable in the whole city, that his attentive wife was ever ready to encourage him in isolating himself; and from that time all went well. He again began

to occupy himself with his as yet, as he thought, unfinished education. He entered upon a new course of reading; he even began the study of English. It was curious to see his powerful, broad-shouldered figure constantly bending over his writing-table, his full, ruddy, bearded face, half-hidden by the leaves of a dictionary or a copy-book. His mornings were always spent over his work; later in the day he sat down to an excellent dinner—for Varvara Pavlovna always managed her household affairs admirably; and in the evening he entered an enchanted, perfumed, brilliant world, all peopled by young and joyous beings, the central point of their world being that extremely attentive manager of the household, his wife.

She made him happy with a son; but the poor child did not live long. It died in the spring; and in the summer, in accordance with the advice of the doctors, Lavretsky

and his wife went the round of the foreign watering-places. Distraction was absolutely necessary for her after such a misfortune, and, besides, her health demanded a warmer climate. That summer and autumn they spent in Germany and Switzerland; and in the winter, as might be expected, they went to Paris.

In Paris Varvara Pavlovna bloomed like a rose; and there, just as quickly and as skillfully as she had done in St. Petersburg, she learnt how to build herself a snug little nest. She procured a very pretty set of apartments in one of the quiet but fashionable streets; she made her husband such a dressing-gown as he had never worn before; she secured an elegant lady's maid, an excellent cook, and an energetic footman; and she provided herself with an exquisite carriage and a charming cabinet piano. Before a week was over she could already cross a street, put on a shawl, open a parasol, and wear gloves, as

well as the most pure-blooded of Parisian women.

She soon made acquaintances also. At first only Russians used to come to her house; then Frenchmen began to show themselves—amiable bachelors, of polished manners, exquisite in demeanour, and bearing high-sounding names. They all talked a great deal and very fast, they bowed gracefully, their eyes twinkled pleasantly. All of them possessed teeth which gleamed white between rosy lips; and how beautifully they smiled! Each of them brought his friends; and before long *La belle Madame de Lavretski* became well known from the *Chausée d'Antin* to the *Rue de Lille*. At that time—it was in 1836—the race of *feuilletonists* and journalists, which now swarms everywhere, numerous as the ants one sees when a hole is made in an ant-hill, had not yet succeeded in multiplying in numbers. Still, there used to appear in Varvara Pavlovna's drawing-

room a certain M. Jules, a gentleman who bore a very bad character, whose appearance was unprepossessing, and whose manner was at once insolent and cringing—like that of all duellists and people who have been horsewhipped. Varvara disliked this M. Jules very much; but she received him because he wrote in several newspapers, and used to be constantly mentioning her, calling her sometimes Madame de L . . . tski, sometimes Madame de * * *, *cette grande dame Russe si distinguée, qui demeure rue de P*——, and describing to the whole world, that is to say to some few hundreds of subscribers, who had nothing whatever to do with Madame de L . . . tski, how loveable and charming was that lady, *une vraie française par l'esprit*,—the French have no higher praise than this,—what an extraordinary musician she was, and how wonderfully she waltzed. (Varvara Pavlovna did really waltz so as to allure all hearts to the

skirt of her light, floating robe.) In fact, he spread her fame abroad throughout the world; and this we know, whatever people may say, is pleasant.

Mademoiselle Mars had by that time quitted the stage, and Mademoiselle Rachel had not yet appeared there; but for all that Varvara Pavlovna none the less assiduously attended the theatres. She went into raptures about Italian music, and laughed over the ruins of Odry, yawned in a becoming manner at the legitimate drama, and cried at the sight of Madame Dorval's acting in some ultra-melodramatic piece. Above all, Liszt played at her house twice, and was so gracious, so unaffected! It was charming!

Amid such pleasurable sensations passed the winter, at the end of which Varvara Pavlovna was even presented at Court. As for Fedor Ivanovich, he was not exactly bored, but life began to weigh heavily on his shoulders at times—heavily because of

its very emptiness. He read the papers, he listened to the lectures at the *Sorbonne* and the *Collège de France*, he followed the debates in the Chambers, he occupied himself in translating a famous scientific work on irrigation. "I am not wasting my time," he thought; "all this is of use; but next winter I really must return to Russia, and betake myself to active business." It would be hard to say if he had any clear idea of what were the special characteristics of that business, and only Heaven could tell whether he was likely to succeed in getting back to Russia in the winter. In the meanwhile he was intending to go with his wife to Baden. But an unexpected occurrence upset all his plans.

XVI.

ONE day when he happened to go into Varvara Pavlovna's boudoir during her absence, Lavretsky saw a carefully folded little piece of paper lying on the floor. Half mechanically he picked it up and opened it—and read the following lines written in French :—

“MY DEAR ANGEL BETTY,

“ (I really cannot make up my mind to call you Barbe or Varvara). I have waited in vain for you at the corner of the Boulevard. Come to our rooms to-morrow at half-past one. That excellent husband of yours is generally absorbed in his books at that time—we will sing over again that

song of your poet Pushkin which you taught me, 'Old husband, cruel husband!' A thousand kisses to your dear little hands and feet. I await you.

"ERNEST."

At first Lavretsky did not comprehend the meaning of what he had read. He read it a second time—and his head swam, and the ground swayed beneath his feet like the deck of a ship in a storm, and a half-stifled sound issued from his lips that was neither quite a cry nor quite a sob.

He was utterly confounded. He had trusted his wife so blindly; the possibility of deceit or of treachery on her part had never entered into his mind. This Ernest, his wife's lover, was a pretty boy of about three-and-twenty, with light hair, a turned-up nose, and a small moustache—probably the most insignificant of all his acquaintances.

Several minutes passed ; a half hour passed. Lavretsky still stood there, clenching the fatal note in his hand, and gazing unmeaningly on the floor. A sort of dark whirlwind seemed to sweep round him, pale faces to glimmer through it.

A painful sensation of numbness had seized his heart. He felt as if he were falling, falling, falling — into a bottomless abyss.

The soft rustle of a silk dress roused him from his torpor by its familiar sound. Varvara Pavlovna came in hurriedly from out of doors. Lavretsky shuddered all over and rushed out of the room. He felt that at that moment he was ready to tear her to pieces, to strangle her with his own hands, at least to beat her all but to death in peasant fashion. Varvara Pavlovna, in her amazement, wanted to stop him. He just succeeded in whispering “Betty”—and then he fled from the house.

Lavretsky took a carriage and drove outside the barriers. All the rest of the day and the whole of the night he wandered about, constantly stopping and wringing his hands above his head. Sometimes he was frantic with rage, at others everything seemed to move him to laughter, even to a kind of mirth. When the morning dawned he felt half frozen, so he entered a wretched little suburban tavern, asked for a room, and sat down on a chair before the window. A convulsive fit of yawning seized him. By that time he was scarcely able to keep upright, and his bodily strength was utterly exhausted. Still he was not conscious of fatigue. But fatigue had its own way. He continued sitting there and gazing vacantly, but he comprehended nothing. He could not make out what had happened to him, why he found himself there, alone, in an empty, unknown room, with numbed limbs, with a sense of bitterness in his mouth, with

a weight like that of a great stone on his heart. He could not understand what had induced her, his Varvara, to give herself to that Frenchman, and how, knowing herself to be false to him, she could have remained as calm as ever in his presence, as confiding and caressing as ever towards him. "I cannot make it out," whispered his dry lips. "And how can I be sure now that even at St. Petersburg——?" but he did not complete the question; a fresh gaping fit seized him, and his whole frame shrank and shivered. Sunny and sombre memories equally tormented him. He suddenly recollected how, a few days before, she had sat at the piano, when both he and Ernest were present, and had sung "Old husband, cruel husband!" He remembered the expression of her face, the strange brilliance of her eyes, and the colour in her cheeks—and he rose from his chair, longing to go to them and say, "You were wrong to play your tricks

on me. My great grandfather used to hang his peasants on hooks by their ribs, and my grandfather was a peasant himself,"—and then kill them both. All of a sudden it would appear to him as if everything that had happened were a dream, even not so much as a dream, but just some absurd fancy; as if he had only to give himself a shake and take a look round—and he did look round; and as a hawk claws a captured bird, so did his misery strike deeper and deeper into his heart. What made things worse was that Lavretsky had hoped, in the course of a few months, to find himself once more a father. His past, his future, his whole life was poisoned.

At last he returned to Paris, went to a hotel, and sent Varvara Pavlovna M. Ernest's note with the following letter:—

"The scrap of paper which accompanies this will explain everything to you. I may

as well tell you that you do not seem to have behaved in this matter with your usual tact. You, so careful a person, to drop such important papers (poor Lavretsky had been preparing this phrase, and fondling it, as it were, for several hours). I can see you no more, and I suppose that you too can have no wish for an interview with me. I assign you fifteen thousand roubles a year. I cannot give you more. Send your address to the steward of my estate. And now do what you like ; live where you please. I wish you all prosperity. I want no answer."

Lavretsky told his wife that he wanted no answer ; but he did expect, he even longed for an answer—an explanation of this strange, this incomprehensible affair. That same day Varvara Pavlovna sent him a long letter in French. It was the final blow. His last doubts vanished, and he even felt ashamed of having retained any doubts. Varvara

Pavlovna did not attempt to justify herself. All that she wanted was to see him; she besought him not to condemn her irrevocably. The letter was cold and constrained, though marks of tears were to be seen on it here and there. Lavretsky smiled bitterly, and sent a message by the bearer, to the effect that the letter needed no reply.

Three days later he was no longer in Paris; but he went to Italy, not to Russia. He did not himself know why he chose Italy in particular. In reality, it was all the same to him where he went—so long as he did not go home. He sent word to his steward about his wife's allowance, ordering him, at the same time, to withdraw the whole management of the estate from General Korobine immediately, without waiting for any settlement of accounts, and to see to his Excellency's departure from Lavriki. He indulged in a vivid picture of the confusion of the expelled general, the useless airs

which he would put on, and, in spite of his sorrow, he was conscious of a certain malicious satisfaction. At the same time he wrote to Glafira Petrovna, asking her to return to Lavriki, and drew up a power-of-attorney in her name. But Glafira Petrovna would not return to Lavriki; she even advertised in the newspapers that the power-of-attorney was cancelled,—a perfectly superfluous proceeding on her part.

Lavretsky hid himself in a little Italian town; but for a long time he could not help mentally following his wife's movements. He learnt from the newspapers that she had left Paris for Baden, as she had intended. Her name soon appeared in a short article signed by the M. Jules of whom we have already spoken. The perusal of that article produced a very unpleasant effect on Lavretsky's mind. He detected in it, underneath the writer's usual sprightliness, a sort of tone of charitable commiseration. Next

he learnt that a daughter had been born to him. Two months later he was informed by his steward that Varvara Pavlovna had drawn her first quarter's allowance. After that, scandalous reports about her began to arrive; then they became more and more frequent; at last a tragi-comic story, in which she played a very unenviable part, ran the round of all the journals and created a great sensation. Affairs had come to a climax. Varvara Pavlovna was now "a celebrity."

Lavretsky ceased to follow her movements. But it was long before he could master his own feelings. Sometimes he was seized by such a longing after his wife, that he fancied he would have been ready to give everything he had—that he could, perhaps, even have forgiven her—if only he might once more have heard her caressing voice, have felt once more her hand in his. But time did not pass by in vain. He was not

born for suffering. His healthy nature claimed its rights. Many things became intelligible for him. The very blow which had struck him seemed no longer to have come without warning. He understood his wife now. We can never fully understand persons with whom we are generally in close contact, until we have been separated from them. He was able to apply himself to business again, and to study, although now with much less than his former ardour; the scepticism for which both his education and his experience of life had paved the way, had taken lasting hold upon his mind. He became exceedingly indifferent to everything. Four years passed by, and he felt strong enough to return to his home, to meet his own people. Without having stopped either at St. Petersburg or at Moscow, he arrived at O., where we left him, and whither we now entreat the reader to return with us.

XVII.

ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning, on the day after that of which we have already spoken, Lavretsky was going up the steps of the Kalitines' house, when he met Liza with her bonnet and gloves on.

"Where are you going?" he asked her.

"To church. To-day is Sunday."

"And so you go to church?"

Liza looked at him in silent wonder.

"I beg your pardon," said Lavretsky.

"I—I did not mean to say that. I came to take leave of you. I shall start for my country-house in another hour."

"That isn't far from here, is it?" asked Liza.

"About five-and-twenty versts."

At this moment Lenchka appeared at the door, accompanied by a maid-servant.

"Mind you don't forget us," said Liza, and went down the steps.

"Don't forget me either. By the way," he continued, "you are going to church; say a prayer for me too, while you are there."

Liza stopped and turned towards him.

"Very well," she said, looking him full in the face. "I will pray for you too. Come, Lenchka."

Lavretsky found Maria Dmitrevna alone in the drawing-room, which was redolent of Eau de Cologne and peppermint. Her head ached, she said, and she had spent a restless night.

She received him with her usual languid amiability, and by degrees began to talk.

"Tell me," she asked him, "is not Vladimir Nikolaevich a very agreeable young man?"

“Who is Vladimir Nikolaevich?”

“Why Panshine, you know, who was here yesterday. He was immensely delighted with you. Between ourselves I may mention, *mon cher cousin*, that he is perfectly infatuated with my Liza. Well, he is of good family, he is getting on capitally in the service, he is clever, and besides he is a chamberlain, and if such be the will of God—I for my part, as a mother, shall be glad of it. It is certainly a great responsibility; most certainly the happiness of children depends upon their parents. But this much must be allowed. Up to the present time, whether well or ill, I have done everything myself, and entirely by myself. I have brought up my children and taught them everything myself—and now I have just written to Madame Bulous for a governess——”

Maria Dmitrievna launched out into a description of her cares, her efforts, her

maternal feelings. Lavretsky listened to her in silence, and twirled his hat in his hands. His cold, unsympathetic look at last disconcerted the talkative lady.

"And what do you think of Liza?" she asked.

"Lizaveta Mikhailovna is an exceedingly handsome girl," replied Lavretsky. Then he got up, said good-bye, and went to pay Marfa Timofeevna a visit. Maria Dmitrievna looked after him with an expression of dissatisfaction, and thought to herself, "What a bear! what a moujik! Well, now I understand why his wife couldn't remain faithful to him."

Marfa Timofeevna was sitting in her room, surrounded by her court. This consisted of five beings, almost equally dear to her heart—an educated bullfinch, to which she had taken an affection because it could no longer whistle or draw water, and which was afflicted with a swollen neck; a quiet

and exceedingly timid little dog, called Roska; a bad-tempered cat, named Matros; a dark-complexioned, lively little girl of nine, with very large eyes and a sharp nose, whose name was Shurochka;* and an elderly lady of about fifty-five, who wore a white cap and a short, cinnamon-coloured *katsaveika*† over a dark gown, and whose name was Nastasia Carpovna Ogarkof.

Shurochka was a fatherless and motherless girl, whose relations belonged to the lowest class of the bourgeoisie. Marfa Timofeevna had adopted her, as well as Roska, out of pity. She had found both the dog and the girl out in the streets. Both of them were thin and cold; the autumn rain had drenched them both. No one ever claimed Roska, and as to Shurochka, she was even gladly given up to Marfa Timofeevna by her uncle, a drunken shoemaker, who never had enough

* One of the many diminutives of Alexandrina.

† A kind of jacket worn by women.

to eat himself, and could still less provide food for his niece, whom he used to hit over the head with his last.

As to Nastasia Carpovna, Marfa Timofeevna had made acquaintance with her on a pilgrimage, in a monastery. She went up to that old lady in church one day,—Nastasia Carpovna had pleased Marfa Timofeevna by praying, as the latter lady said, “in very good taste”—began to talk to her, and invited her home to a cup of tea. From that day she parted with her no more. Nastasia Carpovna, whose father had belonged to the class of poor gentry, was a widow without children. She was a woman of a very sweet and happy disposition; she had a round head, grey hair, and soft, white hands. Her face also was soft, and her features, including a somewhat comical snub nose, were heavy, but pleasant. She worshipped Marfa Timofeevna, who loved her dearly, although she teased her greatly

about her susceptible heart. Nastasia Carpovna had a weakness for all young men, and never could help blushing like a girl at the most innocent joke. Her whole property consisted of twelve hundred paper roubles.* She lived at Marfa Timofeevna's expense, but on a footing of perfect equality with her. Marfa Timofeevna couldnot have endured anything like servility.

"Ah, Fedia!" she began, as soon as she saw him. You didn't see my family last night. Please to admire them now; we are all met together for tea. This is our second, our feast-day tea. You may embrace us all. Only Shurochka wouldn't let you, and the cat would scratch you. Is it to-day you go?"

"Yes," said Lavretsky, sitting down on a low chair. "I have just taken leave of Maria Dmitrievna. I saw Lizaveta Mikhailovna too."

* About £50.

"Call her Liza, my dear. Why should she be Mikhailovna for you? But do sit still, or you will break Shurochka's chair."

"She was on her way to church," continued Lavretsky. "Is she seriously inclined?"

"Yes, Fedia, very much so. More than you or I, Fedia."

"And do you mean to say you are not seriously inclined?" lisped Nastasia Carpovna. "If you have not gone to the early mass to-day, you will go to the later one."

"Not a bit of it. Thou shalt go alone. I've grown lazy, my mother," answered Marfa Timofeevna. "I am spoiling myself terribly with tea drinking."

She said *thou* to Nastasia Carpovna, although she lived on a footing of equality with her—but it was not for nothing that she was a Pestof. Three Pestofs occur in the Sinodik* of Ivan the Terrible. Marfa

* *I.e.*, in the list of the nobles of his time, in the sixteenth century.

Timofeevna was perfectly well aware of the fact.

"Tell me, please," Lavretsky began again. "Maria Dmitrievna was talking to me just now about that—what's his name?—Panshine. What sort of man is he?"

"Good Lord! what a chatter-box she is!" grumbled Marfa Timofeevna. "I've no doubt she has communicated to you as a secret that he hangs about here as a suitor. She might have been contented to whisper about it with her *popovich*.* But no, it seems that is not enough for her. And yet there is nothing settled so far, thank God! but she's always chattering."

"Why do you say, 'Thank God?'" asked Lavretsky.

"Why, because this fine young man doesn't please me. And what is there in the matter to be delighted about, I should like to know?"

* The priest's son, i.e., Gedeonovsky.

"Doesn't he please you?"

"No; he can't fascinate every one. It's enough for him that Nastasia Carpovna here is in love with him."

The poor widow was terribly disconcerted.

"How can you say so, Marfa Timofeevna? Do not you fear God?" she exclaimed, and a blush instantly suffused her face and neck.

"And certainly the rogue knows how to fascinate her," broke in Marfa Timofeevna. "He has given her a snuff-box. Fedia, ask her for a pinch of snuff. You will see what a splendid snuff-box it is. There is a hussar on horseback on the lid. You had much better not try to exculpate yourself, my mother."

Nastasia Carpovna could only wave her hands with a deprecatory air.

"Well, but about Liza?" asked Lavretsky. "Is he indifferent to her?"

"She seems to like him—and as to the rest, God knows. Another person's heart,

you know, is a dark forest, and more especially a young girl's. Look at Shurochka there! Come and analyse hers. Why has she been hiding herself, but not going away, ever since you came in?"

Shurochka burst into a laugh she was unable to stifle, and ran out of the room. Lavretsky also rose from his seat.

"Yes," he said slowly; "one cannot fathom a girl's heart."

As he was going to take leave,

"Well; shall we see you soon?" asked Marfa Timofeevna.

"Perhaps, aunt. It's no great distance to where I'm going."

"Yes; you're going, no doubt, to Vasilievskoe. You won't live at Lavriki. Well, that's your affair. Only go and kneel down at your mother's grave, and your grandmother's too, while you are there. You have picked up all kinds of wisdom abroad there, and perhaps, who can tell, they may

feel, even in their graves, that you have come to visit them. And don't forget, Fedia, to have a service said for Glafira Petrovna too. Here is a rouble for you. Take it, take it please; it is I who wish to have the service performed for her. I didn't love her while she lived, but it must be confessed that she was a girl of character. She was clever. And then she didn't hurt you. And now go, and God be with you—else I shall tire you.”

And Marfa Timofeevna embraced her nephew.

“And Liza shall not marry Panshine; don't make yourself uneasy about that. He isn't the sort of man she deserves for a husband.”

“But I am not in the least uneasy about it,” remarked Lavretsky as he retired.

XVIII.

Four hours later he was on his way towards his home. His tarantass rolled swiftly along the soft cross-road. There had been no rain for a fortnight. The atmosphere was pervaded by a light fog of milky hue, which hid the distant forests from sight, while a smell of burning filled the air. A number of dusky clouds with blurred outlines stood out against a pale blue sky, and lingered, slowly drawn. A strongish wind swept by in an unbroken current, bearing no moisture with it, and not dispelling the great heat. His head leaning back on the cushions, his arms folded across his breast, Lavretsky gazed at the furrowed plains which opened fanwise before him, at the

cytissus shrubs, at the crows and rooks which looked sideways at the passing carriage with dull suspicion, at the long ridges planted with mugwort, wormwood, and mountain ash. He gazed—and that vast level solitude, so fresh and so fertile, that expanse of verdure, and those sweeping slopes, the ravines studded with clumps of dwarfed oaks, the grey hamlets, the thinly-clad birch trees—all this Russian landscape, so long by him unseen, filled his mind with feelings which were sweet, but at the same time almost sad, and gave rise to a certain heaviness of heart, but one which was more akin to a pleasure than to a pain. His thoughts wandered slowly past, their forms as dark and ill-defined as those of the clouds, which also seemed vaguely wandering there on high. He thought of his childhood, of his mother, how they brought him to her on her death-bed, and how, pressing his head to her breast,

she began to croon over him, but looked up at Glafira Petrovna and became silent. He thought of his father, at first robust, brazen-voiced, grumbling at everything—then blind, querulous, with white, uncared-for beard. He remembered how one day at dinner, when he had taken a little too much wine, the old man suddenly burst out laughing, and began to prate about his conquests, winking his blind eyes the while, and growing red in the face. He thought of Varvara Pavlovna—and his face contracted involuntarily, like that of a man who feels some sudden pain, and he gave his head an impatient toss. Then his thoughts rested on Liza. “There,” he thought, “is a new life just beginning. A good creature! I wonder what will become of her. And she’s pretty too, with her pale, fresh face, her so serious eyes and lips, and that frank and guileless way she has of looking at you. It’s a pity she seems a

little enthusiastic. And her figure is good, and she moves about lightly, and she has a quiet voice. I like her best when she suddenly stands still, and listens attentively and gravely, then becomes contemplative and shakes her hair back. Yes, I agree, Panshine isn't worthy of her. Yet what harm is there in him? However, as to all that, why am I troubling my head about it? She will follow the same road that all others have to follow. I had better go to sleep." And Lavretsky closed his eyes.

He could not sleep, but he sank into a traveller's dreamy reverie. Just as before, pictures of bygone days slowly rose and floated across his mind, blending with each other, and becoming confused with other scenes. Lavretsky began to think—heaven knows why—about Sir Robert Peel; then about French history; lastly, about the victory which he would have gained if he

had been a general. The firing and the shouting rang in his ears. His head slipped on one side; he opened his eyes—the same fields stretched before him, the same level views met his eyes. The iron shoes of the outside horses gleamed brightly by turns athwart the waving dust, the driver's yellow* shirt swelled with the breeze. "Here I am, returning virtuously to my birthplace," suddenly thought Lavretsky, and he called out, "Get on there!" drew his cloak more closely around him, and pressed himself still nearer to the cushion. The tarantass gave a jerk. Lavretsky sat upright and opened his eyes wide. On the slope before him extended a small village. A little to the right was to be seen an old manor house of modest dimensions, its shutters closed, its portico awry. On one side stood a barn built of oak, small, but well preserved. The wide

* Yellow, with red pieces let in under the armpits.

court-yard was entirely overgrown by nettles, as green and thick as hemp. This was Vasilievskoe.

The driver turned aside to the gate, and stopped his horses. Lavretsky's servant rose from his seat, ready to jump down, and shouted "Halloo!" A hoarse, dull barking arose in reply, but no dog made its appearance. The lackey again got ready to descend, and again cried "Halloo!" The feeble barking was repeated, and directly afterwards a man with snow-white hair, dressed in a nankeen caftan, ran into the yard from one of the corners. He looked at the tarantass, shielding his eyes from the sun, then suddenly struck both his hands upon his thighs, fidgeted about nervously for a moment, and finally ran to open the gates. The tarantass entered the court-yard, crushing the nettles under its wheels, and stopped before the portico. The white-headed old man, who was evidently of a very

active turn, was already standing on the lowest step, his legs spread awkwardly apart. He unbuttoned the apron of the carriage, pulling up the leather with a jerk, and kissed his master's hand while assisting him to alight.

"Good day, good day, brother," said Lavretsky. "Your name is Anton, isn't it? So you're still alive?"

The old man bowed in silence, and then ran to fetch the keys. While he ran the driver sat motionless, leaning sideways and looking at the closed door, and Lavretsky's man-servant remained in the picturesque attitude in which he found himself after springing down to the ground, one of his arms resting on the box seat. The old man brought the keys and opened the door, lifting his elbows high the while and needlessly wriggling his body—then he stood on one side and again bowed down to his girdle.

“ Here I am at home, actually returned !” thought Lavretsky, as he entered the little vestibule, while the shutters opened one after another with creak and rattle, and the light of day penetrated into the long-deserted rooms.

XIX.

THE little house at which Lavretsky had arrived, and in which Glafira Petrovna had died two years before, had been built of solid pine timber in the preceding century. It looked very old, but it was good for another fifty years or more. Lavretsky walked through all the rooms, and, to the great disquiet of the faded old flies which clung to the cornices without moving, their backs covered with white dust, he had the windows thrown open everywhere. Since the death of Glafira Petrovna no one had opened them. Everything had remained precisely as it used to be in the house. In the drawing-room the little white sofas,

with their thin legs, and their shining grey coverings, all worn and rumpled, vividly recalled to mind the times of Catharine. In that room also stood the famous arm-chair of the late proprietress, a chair with a high, straight back, in which, even in her old age, she used always to sit bolt upright. On the wall hung an old portrait of Fedor's great grandfather, Andrei Lavretsky. His dark, sallow countenance could scarcely be distinguished against the cracked and darkened background. His small, malicious eyes looked out morosely from beneath the heavy, apparently swollen eyelids. His black hair, worn without powder, rose up stiff as a brush above his heavy, wrinkled forehead. From the corner of the portrait hung a dusky wreath of *immortelles*. "Glaflira Petrovna deigned to weave it herself," observed Anthony. In the bed-room stood a narrow bedstead, with curtains of some striped material, extremely old, but of very

good quality. On the bed lay a heap of faded cushions and a thin, quilted counterpane; and above the bolster hung a picture of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, the very picture which the old lady, when she lay dying, alone and forgotten, pressed for the last time with lips which were already beginning to grow cold. Near the window stood a toilet table, inlaid with different kinds of wood and ornamented with plates of copper, supporting a crooked mirror in a frame of which the gilding had turned black. In a line with the bed-room was the oratory, a little room with bare walls; in the corner stood a heavy case for holding sacred pictures, and on the floor lay the scrap of carpet, worn threadbare and covered with droppings from wax candles, on which Glafira Petrovna used to prostrate herself when she prayed.

Anton went out with Lavretsky's servant to open the stable and coach-house

doors. In his stead appeared an old woman, almost as old as himself, her hair covered by a handkerchief which came down to her very eyebrows. Her head shook and her eyes seemed dim, but they wore also an expression of zealous obedience, habitual and implicit, and at the same time of a kind of respectful condolence. She kissed Lavretsky's hand, and then remained near the door, awaiting his orders. He could not remember what her name was, nor even whether he had ever seen her before. It turned out that her name was Apraxia. Some forty years previously Glafira Petrovna had struck her off the list of the servants who lived in the house, and had ordered her to become a poultry maid. She seldom spoke, seemed half idiotic, and always wore a servile look. Besides this old couple, and three paunchy little children in long shirts, Anton's great grandchildren, there lived also in the seigniorial household an untax-

able* moujik, who had only one arm. He cackled like a blackcock, and was fit for nothing. Of very little more use was the infirm old hound which had saluted Lavretsky's return by its barking. For ten whole years it had been fastened to a heavy chain, purchased by order of Glafira Petrovna, a burden under which it was now scarcely able to move.

Having examined the house, Lavretsky went out into the garden, and was well pleased with it. It was all overgrown with steppe grass, with dandelions, and with gooseberry and raspberry bushes; but there was plenty of shade in it, a number of old lime-trees growing there, of singularly large stature, with eccentrically ordered branches. They had been planted too close together, and a hundred years seemed to have elapsed since they were pruned. At

* One who had not received the usual grant of land from the community, and was not subject to rates like the rest.

the end of the garden was a small, clear lake, surrounded by a fringe of high, reddish-coloured rushes. The traces of a human life that is past soon disappear. Glafira's manor-house had not yet grown wild, but it seemed to have become already immersed in that quiet slumber which all that is earthly sleeps, whenever it is not affected by the restlessness of humanity.

Lavretsky also went through the village. The women looked at him from the doorways of their cottages, each resting her cheek upon her hand. The men bowed low from afar, the children ran out of sight, the dogs barked away at their ease. At last he felt hungry, but he did not expect his cook and the other servants till the evening. The waggon bringing provisions from Lavriki had not yet arrived. It was necessary to have recourse to Anton. The old man immediately made his arrangements. He caught an ancient fowl, and killed and plucked it.

Apraxia slowly squeezed and washed it, scrubbing it as if it had been linen for the wash, before putting it into the stewpan. When at last it was ready, Anton laid the table, placing beside the dish a three-footed plated salt-cellar, blackened with age, and a cut-glass decanter, with a round glass stopper in its narrow neck. Then, in a kind of chant, he announced to Lavretsky that dinner was ready, and took his place behind his master's chair, a napkin wound around his right hand, and a kind of air of the past, like the odour of cypress-wood, hanging about him. Lavretsky tasted the broth, and took the fowl out of it. The bird's skin was covered all over with round blisters, a thick tendon ran up each leg, and the flesh was as tough as wood, and had a flavour like that which pervades a laundry. After dinner Lavretsky said that he would take tea if——


“I will bring it in a moment,” broke in the old man, and he kept his promise. A few

pinches of tea were found rolled up in a scrap of red paper. Also a small, but very zealous and noisy little *samovar** was discovered, and some sugar in minute pieces, which looked as if they had been all but melted away. Lavretsky drank his tea out of a large cup. From his earliest childhood he remembered this cup, on which playing cards were painted, and from which only visitors were allowed to drink; and now he drank from it, like a visitor.

Towards the evening came the servants. Lavretsky did not like to sleep in his aunt's bed, so he had one made up for him in the dining-room. After putting out the candle, he lay for a long time looking around him, and thinking what were not joyous thoughts. He experienced the sensations which every one knows who has had to spend the night for the first time in a long uninhabited room. He fancied that the darkness which pressed in upon him from all sides could not accus-

* Urn.

tom itself to the new tenant—that the very walls of the house were astonished at him. At last he sighed, pulled the counterpane well over him, and went to sleep. Anton remained on his legs long after every one else had gone to bed. For some time he spoke in a whisper to Apraxia, sighing low at intervals, and three times he crossed himself. The old servants had never expected that their master would settle down among them at Vasilievskoe, when he had such a fine estate, with a well-appointed manor-house close by. They did not suspect what was really the truth, that Lavriki was repugnant to its owner, that it aroused in his mind too painful recollections. After they had whispered to each other enough, Anton took a stick, and struck the watchman's board which had long hung silently by the barn. Then he lay down in the open yard, without troubling himself about any covering for his white head. The May night was calm and soothing, and the old man slept soundly.



XX.

THE next day Lavretsky rose at a tolerably early hour, chatted with the *starosta*,* visited the rick-yard, and had the chain taken off the yard dog, which just barked a little, but did not even come out of its kennel. Then, returning home, he fell into a sort of quiet reverie, from which he did not emerge all day. "Here I am, then, at the very bottom of the river!"† he said to himself more than once. He sat near the window without stirring, and seemed to listen to the flow of the quiet life which surrounded him, to the rare sounds which came from the village solitude. Behind the nettles some one was singing with a thin, feeble voice; a gnat

* The head of the village.

† A popular phrase, to express a life quiet as the depths of a river are.

seemed to be piping a second to it. The voice stopped, but the gnat still went on piping. Through the monotonous and obtrusive buzzing of the flies might be heard the humming of a large humble bee, which kept incessantly striking its head against the ceiling. A cock crowed in the street, hoarsely protracting its final note, a cart rattled past, a gate creaked in the village. "What?" suddenly screeched a woman's voice. "Ah, young lady!" said Anton to a little girl of two years old whom he was carrying in his arms. "Bring the *kvass* here," continued the same woman's voice. Then a death-like silence suddenly ensued.

Nothing stirred, not a sound was audible. The wind did not move the leaves. The swallows skimmed along the ground one after another without a cry, and their silent flight made a sad impression upon the heart of the looker on. "Here I am, then, at the bottom of the river," again thought Lav-

retsky. "And here life is always sluggish and still; whoever enters its circle must resign himself to his fate. Here there is no use in agitating oneself, no reason why one should give oneself trouble. He only will succeed here who traces his onward path as patiently as the plougher traces the furrow with his plough. And what strength there is in all around; what robust health dwells in the midst of this inactive stillness! There under the window climbs the large-leaved burdock from the thick grass. Above it the lovage extends its sappy stalk, while higher still the Virgin's tears hang out their rosy tendrils. Farther away in the fields shines the rye, and the oats are already in ear, and every leaf on its tree, every blade of grass on its stalk, stretches itself out to its full extent. On a woman's love my best years have been wasted!" (Lavretsky proceeded to think.) "Well, then, let the dulness here sober me and calm me down; let it

educate me into being able to work like others without hurrying." And he again betook himself to listening to the silence, without expecting anything, and yet, at the same time, as if incessantly expecting something. The stillness embraced him on all sides; the sun went down quietly in a calm, blue sky, on which the clouds floated tranquilly, seeming as if they knew why and whither they were floating. In the other parts of the world, at that very moment, life was seething, noisily bestirring itself. Here the same life flowed silently along, like water over meadow grass. It was late in the evening before Lavretsky could tear himself away from the contemplation of this life so quietly welling forth—so tranquilly flowing past. Sorrow for the past melted away in his mind as the snow melts in spring; but, strange to say, never had the love of home exercised so strong or so profound an influence upon him.

XXI.

IN the course of a fortnight Lavretsky succeeded in setting Glafira Petrovna's little house in order, and in trimming the courtyard and the garden. Its stable became stocked with horses; comfortable furniture was brought to it from Lavriki; and the town supplied it with wine, and with books and newspapers. In short, Lavretsky provided himself with everything he wanted, and began to lead a life which was neither exactly that of an ordinary landed proprietor, nor exactly that of a regular hermit. His days passed by in uniform regularity, but he never found them dull, although he had no visitors. He occupied himself assiduously and attentively with the manage-

ment of his estate; he rode about the neighbourhood, and he read. But he read little. He preferred listening to old Anton's stories.

Lavretsky generally sat at the window, over a pipe and a cup of cold tea. Anton would stand at the door, his hands crossed behind his back, and would begin a deliberate narrative about old times, those fabulous times when oats and rye were sold, not by measure, but in large sacks, and for two or three roubles the sack; when on all sides, right up to the town, there stretched impenetrable forests and untouched steppes. "But now," grumbled the old man, over whose head eighty years had already passed, "everything has been so cut down and ploughed up that one can't drive anywhere." Anton would talk also at great length about his late mistress, Glafira Petrovna, saying how judicious and economical she was, how a certain gentleman, one of her young

neighbours, had tried to gain her good graces for a time, and had begun to pay her frequent visits, and how in his honour she had deigned even to put on her gala-day cap with massacas ribbons, and her yellow dress made of *tru-tru-lévantine*; but how, a little later, having become angry with her neighbour, that gentleman, on account of his indiscreet question, "I suppose, madam, you doubtless have a good sum of money in hand?" she told her servants never to let him enter her house again—and how she then ordered that, after her death, everything, even to the smallest rag, should be handed over to Lavretsky. And, in reality, Lavretsky found his aunt's property quite intact, even down to the gala-day cap with the massacas ribbons, and the yellow dress of *tru-tru-lévantine*.

As to the old papers and curious documents on which Lavretsky had counted, he found nothing of the kind except one old

volume in which his grandfather, Peter Andreich had made various entries. In one place might be read, "Celebration in the city of St. Petersburg, of the Peace concluded with the Turkish Empire by his Excellency, Prince Alexander Alexandrovich Prozorovsky." In another, "Recipe of a decoction for the chest," with the remark, "This prescription was given the Generaless Prascovia Fedorovna Saltykof, by the Arch-presbyter of the Life-beginning Trinity, Fedor Avksentevich." Sometimes there occurred a piece of political information, as follows :—

"About the French tigers there is somehow silence"—and close by, "In the *Moscow Gazette* there is an announcement of the decease of the First-Major Mikhail Petrovich Kolychef. Is not this the son of Peter Vasilievich Kolychef?"

Lavretsky also found some old calendars and dream-books, and the mystical work of

M. Ambodik. Many a memory did the long-forgotten but familiar "Symbols and Emblems" recall to his mind. In the furthest recess of one of the drawers in Glafira's toilette-table, Lavretsky found a small packet, sealed with black wax, and tied with a narrow black ribbon. Inside the packet were two portraits lying face to face, the one, in pastel, of his father as a young man, with soft curls falling over his forehead, with long, languid eyes, and with a half-open mouth; the other an almost obliterated picture of a pale woman, in a white dress, with a white rose in her hand—his mother. Of herself Glafira never would allow a portrait to be taken.

"Although I did not then live in the house," Anton would say to Lavretsky, "yet I can remember your great grandfather, Andrei Afanasich. I was eighteen years old when he died. One day I met him in the garden—then my very thighs

began to quake. But he didn't do anything, only asked me what my name was, and sent me to his bed-room for a pocket-handkerchief. He was truly a seigneur—every one must allow that; and he wouldn't allow that any one was better than himself. For I may tell you, your great grandfather had such a wonderful amulet—a monk from Mount Athos had given him that amulet—and that monk said to him, 'I give thee this, O Boyar, in return for thy hospitality. Wear it, and fear no judge.' Well, it's true, as is well known, that times were different then. What a seigneur wanted to do, that he did. If ever one of the gentry took it into his head to contradict him, he would just look at him, and say, 'Thou swimmest in shallow water'*—that was a favourite phrase with him. And he lived, did your great grandfather of blessed memory, in small, wooden rooms. But what riches he

* Part of a Russian proverb.

left behind him ! What silver, what stores of all kinds ! All the cellars were crammed full of them. He was a real manager. That little decanter which you were pleased to praise was his. He used to drink brandy out of it. But just see ! your grandfather, Peter Andreich, provided himself with a stone mansion, but he laid up no goods. Everything went badly with him, and he lived far worse than his father, and got himself no satisfaction, but spent all his money, and now there is nothing to remember him by—not so much as a silver spoon has come down to us from him ; and for all that is left, one must thank Glafira Petrovna's care."

"But is it true," interrupted Lavretsky, "that people used to call her an old witch?"

"But, then, who called her so?" replied Anton, with an air of discontent.

"But what is our mistress doing now,

batyushka?” the old man ventured to ask one day. “Where does she please to have her habitation?”

“I am separated from my wife,” answered Lavretsky, with an effort. “Please don’t ask me about her.”

“I obey,” sadly replied the old man.

At the end of three weeks Lavretsky rode over to O., and spent the evening at the Kalitines’ house. He found Lemm there, and took a great liking to him. Although, thanks to his father, Lavretsky could not play any instrument, yet he was passionately fond of music—of classical, serious music, that is to say. Panshine was not at the Kalitines’ that evening, for the Governor had sent him somewhere into the country. Liza played unaccompanied, and that with great accuracy. Lemm grew lively and animated, rolled up a sheet of paper, and conducted the music. Maria Dmitrievna looked at him laughingly for a

while, and then went off to bed. According to her, Beethoven was too agitating for her nerves.

At midnight Lavretsky saw Lemm home, and remained with him till three in the morning. Lemm talked a great deal. He stooped less than usual, his eyes opened wide and sparkled, his very hair remained pushed off from his brow. It was so long since any one had shown any sympathy with him, and Lavretsky was evidently interested in him, and questioned him carefully and attentively. This touched the old man. He ended by showing his music to his guest, and he played, and even sang, in his worn-out voice, some passages from his own works; among others, an entire ballad of Schiller's that he had set to music—that of Fridolin. Lavretsky was loud in its praise, made him repeat several parts, and, on going away, invited him to spend some days with him. Lemm, who was conducting him to the door,

immediately consented, pressing his hand cordially. But when he found himself alone in the fresh, damp air, beneath the just-appearing dawn, he looked round, half-shut his eyes, bent himself together, and then crept back, like a culprit, to his bed-room. "*Ich bin wohl nicht klug*" ("I must be out of my wits"), he murmured, as he lay down in his short, hard bed.

He tried to make out that he was ill when, a few days later, Lavretsky's carriage came for him. But Lavretsky went up into his room, and persuaded him to go. Stronger than every other argument with him was the fact that Lavretsky had ordered a piano to be sent out to the country-house on purpose for him. The two companions went to the Kalitines' together, and spent the evening there, but not quite so pleasantly as on the previous occasion. Pan-shine was there, talking a great deal about his journey, and very amusingly mimicking

the various proprietors he had met, and parodying their conversation. Lavretsky laughed, but Lemm refused to come out of his corner, where he remained in silence, noiselessly working his limbs like a spider, and wearing a dull and sulky look. It was not till he rose to take leave that he became at all animated. Even when sitting in the carriage, the old man at first seemed still unsociable and absorbed in his own thoughts. But the calm, warm air, the gentle breeze, the dim shadows, the scent of the grass and the birch-buds, the peaceful light of the moonless, starry sky, the rhythmical tramp and snorting of the horses, the mingled fascinations of the journey, of the spring, of the night—all entered into the soul of the poor German, and he began to talk with Lavretsky of his own accord.

XXII.

HE began to talk about music, then about Liza, and then again about music. He seemed to pronounce his words more slowly when he spoke of Liza. Lavretsky turned the conversation to the subject of his compositions, and offered, half in jest, to write a libretto for him.

“Hm ! a libretto !” answered Lemm. “No ; that is beyond me. I no longer have the animation, the play of fancy, which are indispensable for an opera. Already my strength has deserted me. But if I could still do something, I should content myself with a romance. Of course I should like good words.”

He became silent, and sat for a long time without moving, his eyes fixed on the sky.

"For instance," he said at length, "something in this way—'O stars, pure stars!'"

Lavretsky turned a little, and began to regard him attentively.

"'O stars, pure stars!'" repeated Lemm, "'you look alike on the just and the unjust. But only the innocent of heart'—or something of that kind—'understand you'—that is to say, no—'love you.' However, I am not a poet. What am I thinking about? But something of that kind—something lofty."

Lemm pushed his hat back from his forehead. Seen by the faint twilight of the clear night, his face seemed paler and younger.

"'And you know also,'" he continued, in a gradually lowered voice, "'you know those who love, who know how to love; for you are pure, you alone can console.' No; all that is not what I mean. I am not a poet. But something of that kind."

"I am sorry that I am not a poet either," remarked Lavretsky.

"Empty dreams!" continued Lemm, as he sank into the corner of the carriage. Then he shut his eyes as if he had made up his mind to go to sleep.

Several minutes passed. Lavretsky still listened.

"'Stars, pure stars . . . love,'" whispered the old man.

"Love!" repeated Lavretsky to himself. Then he fell into a reverie, and his heart grew heavy within him.

"You have set 'Fridolin' to charming music, Christophor Fedorovich," he said aloud after a time. "But what is your opinion? This Fridolin, after he had been brought into the presence of the countess by her husband, didn't he then immediately become her lover—eh?"

"You think so," answered Lemm, "because, most likely, experience——"

He stopped short, and turned away in confusion.

Lavretsky uttered a forced laugh. Then he too turned away from his companion, and began looking out along the road.

The stars had already begun to grow pale, and the sky to turn grey, when the carriage arrived before the steps of the little house at Vasilievskoe. Lavretsky conducted his guest to his allotted room, then went to his study, and sat down in front of the window. Out in the garden a nightingale was singing its last song before the dawn. Lavretsky remembered that at the Kalitines' also a nightingale had sung in the garden. He remembered also the quiet movement of Liza's eyes when, at its first notes, she had turned toward the dark casement. He began to think of her, and his heart grew calm.

"Pure maiden," he said, in a half-whisper, "pure stars," he added, with a smile, and then quietly lay down to sleep.

But Lemm sat for a long time on his bed,

with a sheet of music on his knees. It seemed as if some sweet melody, yet unborn, were intending to visit him. He already underwent the feverish agitation, he already felt the fatigue and the delight, of its vicinity ; but it always eluded him.

“Neither poet nor musician !” he whispered at last ; and his weary head sank heavily upon the pillow.

The next morning Lavretsky and his guest drank their tea in the garden, under an old lime-tree.

“Maestro,” said Lavretsky, among other things, “you will soon have to compose a festal cantata.”

“On what occasion ?”

“Why, on that of M. Panshine’s marriage with Liza. Didn’t you observe what attention he paid her yesterday ? All goes smoothly with them, evidently.”

“That will never be !” exclaimed Lemm.

“Why?”

“Because it’s impossible. However,” he added, after pausing awhile, “in this world everything is possible. Especially in this country of yours—in Russia.”

“Let us leave Russia out of the question for the present. But what do you see objectionable in that marriage?”

“Everything is objectionable—everything. Lizaveta Mikhailovna is a serious, true-hearted girl, with lofty sentiments. But he—he is, to describe him by one word, a *dil-le-tante*.”

“But doesn’t she love him?”

Lemm rose from his bench.

“No, she does not love him. That is to say, she is very pure of heart, and does not herself know the meaning of the words, ‘to love.’ Madame Von Kalitine tells her that he is an excellent young man; and she obeys Madame Von Kalitine because she is still quite a child, although she is now nine-

teen. She says her prayers every morning ; she says her prayers every evening—and that is very praiseworthy. But she does not love him. She can love only what is noble. But he is not noble ; that is to say, his soul is not noble.”

Lemm uttered the whole of this speech fluently, and with animation, walking backwards and forwards with short steps in front of the tea-table, his eyes running along the ground meanwhile.

“Dearest Maestro !” suddenly exclaimed Lavretsky, “I think you are in love with my cousin yourself.”

Lemm suddenly stopped short.

“Please do not jest with me in that way,” he began, with faltering voice. “I am not out of my mind. I look forward to the dark grave, and not to a rosy future.”

Lavretsky felt sorry for the old man, and begged his pardon. After breakfast Lemm played his cantata, and after dinner,

at Lavretsky's own instigation, he again began to talk about Liza. Lavretsky listened to him attentively and with curiosity.

"What do you say to this, Christophor Fedorovitch?" he said at last. "Everything seems in order here now, and the garden is in full bloom. Why shouldn't I invite her to come here for the day, with her mother and my old aunt—eh? Will that be agreeable to you?"

Lemm bowed his head over his plate.

"Invite her," he said, in a scarcely audible voice.

"But we needn't ask Panshine."

"No, we needn't," answered the old man, with an almost childlike smile.

Two days later Lavretsky went into town and to the Kalitines'.

XXIV.

HE found them all at home, but he did not tell them of his plan immediately. He wanted to speak to Liza alone first. Chance favoured him, and he was left alone with her in the drawing-room. They began to talk. As a general rule she was never shy with any one, and by this time she had succeeded in becoming accustomed to him. He listened to what she said, and as he looked at her face, he musingly repeated Lemm's words, and agreed with him. It sometimes happens that two persons who are already acquainted with each other, but not intimately, after the lapse of a few minutes suddenly become familiar friends—and the consciousness of this familiarity immediately expresses itself

in their looks, in their gentle and kindly smiles, in their gestures themselves. And this happened now with Lavretsky and Liza. "Ah, so that's what you're like!" thought she, looking at him with friendly eyes. "Ah, so that's what you're like!" thought he also; and therefore he was not much surprised when she informed him, not without some little hesitation, that she had long wanted to say something to him, but that she was afraid of vexing him.

"Don't be afraid, speak out," he said, standing still in front of her.

Liza raised her clear eyes to his.

"You are so good," she began—and at the same time she thought, "yes, he is really good"—"I hope you will forgive me. I scarcely ought to have ventured to speak to you about it—but how could you—why did you separate from your wife?"

Lavretsky shuddered, then looked at Liza, and sat down by her side.

"My child," he began to say, "I beg you not to touch upon that wound. Your touch is light, but—but in spite of all that, it will give me pain."

"I know," continued Liza, as if she had not heard him, "that she is guilty before you. I do not want to justify her. But how can they be separated whom God has joined together?"

"Our convictions on that score are widely different, Lizaveta Mikhailovna," said Lavretsky somewhat coldly. "We shall not be able to understand one another."

Liza grew pale. Her whole body shuddered slightly, but she was not silenced.

"You ought to forgive," she said quietly, "if you wish also to be forgiven."

"Forgive!" cried Lavretsky; "you ought first to know her for whom you plead. Forgive that woman, take her back to my house, her, that hollow, heartless creature! And who has told you that she wants to

return to me? Why, she is completely satisfied with her position. But why should we talk of her? Her name ought never to be uttered by you. You are too pure, you are not in a position even to understand such a being."

"Why speak so bitterly?" said Liza, with an effort. The trembling of her hands began to be apparent. "You left her of your own accord, Fedor Ivanich."

"But I tell you," replied Lavretsky, with an involuntary burst of impatience, "you do not know the sort of creature she is."

"Then why did you marry her?" whispered Liza, with downcast eyes.

Lavretsky jumped up quickly from his chair.

"Why did I marry her? I was young and inexperienced then. I was taken in. A beautiful exterior fascinated me. I did not understand women; there was nothing I did understand. God grant you may make a

would it not be better for us to keep to our family circle?"

"But I think——" began Maria Dmitrievna, adding, however, "Well, just as you like."

It was settled that Lenchka and Shurochka should go. Marfa Timofeevna refused to take part in the excursion.

"It's a bore to me, my dear," she said, "to move my old bones; and there's nowhere, I suppose, in your house where I could pass the night; besides, I never can sleep in a strange bed. Let these young folks caper as they please."

Lavretsky had no other opportunity of speaking with Liza alone, but he kept looking at her in a manner that pleased her, and at the same time confused her a little. She felt very sorry for him. When he went away, he took leave of her with a warm pressure of the hand. She fell into a reverie as soon as she found herself alone.

XXIV.*

ON entering the drawing-room, after his return home, Lavretsky met a tall, thin man, with a wrinkled but animated face, untidy grey whiskers, a long, straight nose, and small, inflamed eyes. This individual, who was dressed in a shabby blue surtout, was Mikhalevich, his former comrade at the University. At first Lavretsky did not recognise him, but he warmly embraced him as soon as he had made himself known. The two friends had not seen each other since the old Moscow days. Then followed exclamations and questions. Memories long lost to sight came out again into the light of day. Smoking pipe after pipe in a

* Omitted in the French translation.

hurried manner, gulping down his tea, and waving his long hands in the air, Mikhalevich related his adventures. There was nothing very brilliant about them, and he could boast of but little success in his various enterprises; but he kept incessantly laughing a hoarse nervous laugh. It seemed that about a month previously he had obtained a post in the private counting-house of a rich brandy-farmer,* at about three hundred versts from O., and having heard of Lavretsky's return from abroad, he had turned out of his road, for the purpose of seeing his old friend again. He spoke just as jerkingly as he used to do in the days of youth, and he became as noisy and as warm as he was in the habit of growing then. Lavretsky began to speak about his own affairs, but Mikhalevich stopped him, hastily stammering out, "I

* One of the contractors who used to purchase the right of supplying the people with brandy.

have heard about it, brother ; I have heard about it. Who could have expected it ?" and then immediately turned the conversation on topics of general interest.

"I must go away again to-morrow, brother," he said. "To-day, if you will allow it, we will sit up late. I want to get a thoroughly good idea of what you are now, what your intentions are and your convictions, what sort of man you have become, what life has taught you" (Mikhalevich still made use of the phraseology current in the year 1830). "As for me, brother, I have become changed in many respects. The waters of life have gone over my breast. Who was it said that ? But in what is important, what is substantial, I have not changed. I believe, as I used to do, in the Good, in the True. And not only do I believe, but I feel certain now—yes, I feel certain, certain. Listen ; I make verses, you know. There's no poetry

in them, but there is truth. I will read you my last piece. I have expressed in it my most sincere convictions. Now listen."

Mikhalevich began to read his poem, which was rather a long one. It ended with the following lines :—

"With my whole heart have I given myself up to new feelings ;

In spirit I have become like unto a child.

And I have burnt all that I used to worship,

I worship all that I used to burn."

Mikhalevich all but wept as he pronounced these last two verses. A slight twitching, the sign of a strong emotion, affected his large lips ; his plain face lighted up. Lavretsky went on listening until at last the spirit of contradiction was roused within him. He became irritated by the Moscow student's enthusiasm, so perpetually on the boil, so continually ready for use. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed before

a dispute had been kindled between the two friends, one of those endless disputes of which only Russians are capable. They two, after a separation which had lasted for many years, and those passed in two different worlds, neither of them clearly understanding the other's thoughts, not even his own, holding fast by words, and differing in words alone, disputed about the most purely abstract ideas—and disputed exactly as if the matter had been one of life and death to both of them. They shouted and cried aloud to such an extent that every one in the house was disturbed, and poor Lemm, who had shut himself up in his room the moment Mikhalevich arrived, felt utterly perplexed, and even began to entertain some vague form of fear.

“But after all this, what are you? *blasé!*”* cried Mikhalevich at midnight.

“Does a *blasé* man ever look like me?”

* Literally, “disillusioned.”

answered Lavretsky. "He is always pale and sickly; but I, if you like, will lift you off the ground with one hand."

"Well then, if not *blasé*, at least a sceptic,* and that is still worse. But what right have you to be a sceptic? Your life has not been a success, I admit. That wasn't your fault. You were endowed with a soul full of affection, fit for passionate love, and you were kept away from women by force. The first woman you came across was sure to take you in."

"She took you in, too," morosely remarked Lavretsky.

"Granted, granted. In that I was the tool of fate. But I'm talking nonsense. There's no such thing as fate. My old habit of expressing myself inaccurately! But what does that prove?"

* He says in that original *Skyeptuik* instead of *Skeptik*, on which the author remarks, "Mikhalevich's accent testified to his birthplace having been in Little Russia."

"It proves this much, that I have been distorted from childhood."

"Well, then, straighten yourself. That's the good of being a man—one of the male sex. You haven't got to borrow energy. But however that may be, it certainly is possible, it certainly is allowable, to work upwards from an isolated fact, so to speak, to a general law—to an invariable rule."

"What rule?" said Lavretsky, interrupting him. "I do not admit——"

"No, that is your rule, that is your rule," cried the other, interrupting him in his turn.

"You are an egoist, that's what it is!" thundered Mikhalevich an hour later. "You wanted self-enjoyment; you wanted a happy life; you wanted to live only for yourself——"

"What is self-enjoyment?"

"—And everything has failed you; everything has given way under your feet."

"But what is self-enjoyment, I ask you?"

"—And it ought to give way. Because you looked for support there where it is impossible to find it; because you built your house on the quicksands——"

"Speak plainer, without metaphor, *because* I do not understand you."

"—Because—laugh away if you like—because there is no faith in you, no hearty warmth—and only a poor farthingsworth of intellect;* you are simply a pitiable creature, a behind-your-age disciple of Voltaire. That's what you are."

"Who? I a disciple of Voltaire?"

"Yes, just such a one as your father was; and you have never so much as suspected it."

"After that," exclaimed Lavretsky, "I have a right to say that you are a fanatic."

* Literally, "intellect, in all merely a copeck intellect."

"Alas!" sorrowfully replied Mikhalevich, "unfortunately, I have not yet in any way deserved so grand a name——"

"I have found out now what to call you!" cried the self-same Mikhalevich at three o'clock in the morning. "You are not a sceptic, nor are you *blasé*, nor a disciple of Voltaire; you are a marmot,* and a culpable marmot; a marmot with a conscience, not a naïve marmot. Naïve marmots lie on the stove† and do nothing, because they can do nothing. They do not even think anything. But you are a thinking man, and yet you lie idly there. You could do something, and you do nothing. You lie on the top with full paunch and say, 'To lie idle—so must it be; because all that people ever do—is all vanity, mere nonsense that conduces to nothing.'"

* A *baidak*, a sort of marmot or "prairie dog."

† The top of the stove forms the sleeping place in a Russian peasant's hut.

"But what has shown you that I lie idle?" insisted Lavretsky. "Why do you suppose I have such ideas?"

"—And, besides this, all you people, all your brotherhood," continued Mikhailevich without stopping, "are deeply read marmots. You all know where the German's shoe pinches him; you all know what faults Englishmen and Frenchmen have; and your miserable knowledge only serves to help you to justify your shameful laziness, your abominable idleness. There are some who even pride themselves on this, that 'I, forsooth, am a learned man. I lie idle, and they are fools to give themselves trouble.' Yes! even such persons as these do exist among us; not that I say this with reference to you; such persons as will spend all their life in a certain languor of ennui, and get accustomed to it, and exist in it like—like a mushroom in sour cream" (Mikhalevich could not help laughing at his own com-

parison). "Oh, that languor of ennui! it is the ruin of the Russian people. Throughout all time the wretched marmot is making up its mind to work——"

"But, after all, what are you scolding about?" cried Lavretsky in his turn. "To work, to do. You had better say what one should do, instead of scolding, O Demosthenes of Poltava."*

"Ah, yes, that's what you want! No, brother, I will not tell you that. Every one must teach himself that," replied Demosthenes in an ironical tone. "A proprietor, a noble, and not know what to do! You have no faith, or you would have known. No faith and no divination."†

"At all events, let me draw breath for a moment, you fiend," prayed Lavretsky. "Let me take a look round me!"

* Poltava is the University town of Little Russia. It will be remembered that Mikhalevich is a Little Russian.

† *Otkrovenie*, discovery or revelation.

"Not a minute's breathing-time, not a second's," replied Mikhalevich, with a commanding gesture of the hand. "Not a single second. Death does not tarry, and life also ought not to tarry."

"And when and where have people taken it into their heads to make marmots of themselves?" he cried at four in the morning, in a voice that was now somewhat hoarse. "Why, here! Why, now! In Russia! When on every separate individual there lies a duty, a great responsibility, before God, before the nation, before himself! We sleep, but time goes by. We sleep——"

"Allow me to point out to you," observed Lavretsky, "that we do not at all sleep at present, but rather prevent other persons from sleeping. We stretch our throats like barn-door cocks. Listen, that one is crowing for the third time."

This sally made Mikhalevich laugh, and sobered him down. "Good-night," he said

with a smile, and put away his pipe in its bag. "Good-night," said Lavretsky also. However, the friends still went on talking for more than an hour. But their voices did not rise high any longer, and their talk was quiet, sad, kindly talk.

Mikhalevich went away next day, in spite of all his host could do to detain him. Lavretsky did not succeed in persuading him to stay, but he got as much talk as he wanted out of him.

It turned out that Mikhalevich was utterly impecunious. Lavretsky had already been sorry to see in him, on the preceding evening, all the signs and characteristics of a poverty of long standing. His shoes were trodden down, his coat wanted a button behind, his hands were strangers to gloves, one or two bits of feather were sticking in his hair. When he arrived, he did not think of asking for a wash ; and at supper he ate like a shark, tearing the meat

to pieces with his fingers, and noisily gnawing the bones with his firm, discoloured teeth.

It turned out also that he had not thriven in the civil service, and that he had pinned all his hopes on the brandy-farmer, who had given him employment simply that he might have an "educated man" in his counting-house. In spite of all this, however, Mikhalevich had not lost courage, but kept on his way leading the life of a cynic, an idealist, and a poet; fervently caring for, and troubling himself about, the destinies of humanity and his special vocation in life—and giving very little heed to the question whether or no he would die of starvation.

Mikhalevich had never married; but he had fallen in love countless times, and he always wrote poetry about all his loves: with especial fervour did he sing about a mysterious, raven-haired "lady." It was rumoured, indeed, that this "lady" was

nothing more than a Jewess, and one who had numerous friends among cavalry officers; but, after all, if one thinks the matter over, it is not one of much importance.

With Lemm, Mikhalevich did not get on well. His extremely loud way of talking, his rough manners, frightened the German, to whom they were entirely novel. One unfortunate man immediately and from afar recognises another, but in old age he is seldom willing to associate with him. Nor is that to be wondered at. He has nothing to share with him—not even hopes.

Before he left, Mikhalevich had another long talk with Lavretsky, to whom he predicted utter ruin if he did not rouse himself, and whom he entreated to occupy himself seriously with the question of the position of his serfs. He set himself up as a pattern for imitation, saying that he had been purified in the furnace of misfortune;

and then he several times styled himself a happy man, comparing himself to a bird of the air, a lily of the valley.

"A dusky lily, at all events," remarked Lavretsky.

"Ah, brother, don't come the aristocrat," answered Mikhalevich good-humouredly; "but rather thank God that in your veins also there flows simple plebeian blood. But I see you are now in need of some pure, unearthly being, who might rouse you from your apathy."

"Thanks, brother," said Lavretsky; "I have had quite enough of those unearthly beings."

"Silence, cyneec!"* exclaimed Mikhalevich.

"Cynic," said Lavretsky, correcting him.

"Just so, cyneec," repeated the undisciplined Mikhalevich.

Even when he had taken his seat in

* He says *Tsuinuik* instead of *Tsinik*.

the tarantass, in which his flat and marvelously light portmanteau had been stowed away, he still went on talking. Enveloped in a kind of Spanish cloak, with a collar reddened by long use, and with lion's claws instead of hooks, he continued to pour forth his opinions on the destinies of Russia, waving his swarthy hand the while in the air, as if he were sowing the seeds of future prosperity. At last the horses set off.

"Remember my last three words!" he exclaimed, leaning almost entirely out of the carriage, and scarcely able to keep his balance. "Religion, Progress, Humanity! Farewell!" His head, on which his forage cap was pressed down to his eyes, disappeared from sight. Lavretsky was left alone at the door, where he remained gazing attentively along the road, until the carriage was out of sight. "And perhaps he is right," he thought, as he went back

into the house. "Perhaps I am a marmot." Much of what Mikhalevich had said had succeeded in winning its way into his heart, although at the time he had contradicted him and disagreed with him. Let a man only be perfectly honest—no one can utterly gainsay him.

XXV.

Two days later, Maria Dmitrievna arrived at Vasilievskoe, according to her promise, and all her young people with her. The little girls immediately ran into the garden, but Maria Dmitrievna languidly walked through the house, and languidly praised all she saw. She looked upon her visit to Lavretsky as a mark of great condescension, almost a benevolent action. She smiled affably when Anton and Apraxia came to kiss her hand, according to the old custom of household serfs, and in feeble accents she asked for tea.

To the great vexation of Anton, who had donned a pair of knitted white gloves, it was not he who handed the tea to the

lady visitor, but Lavretsky's hired lackey, a fellow who, in the old man's opinion, had not a notion of etiquette. However, Anton had it all his own way at dinner. With firm step, he took up his position behind Madame Kalitine's chair, and he refused to give up his post to any one. The apparition of visitors at Vasilievskoe—a sight for so many years unknown there—both troubled and cheered the old man. It was a pleasure for him to see that his master was acquainted with persons of some standing in society.

Anton was not the only person who was agitated that day. Lemm was excited too. He had put on a shortish snuff-coloured coat with pointed tails, and had tied his cravat tight, he coughed incessantly, and made way for every one with kindly and affable mien. As for Lavretsky, he remarked with satisfaction that he remained on the same friendly footing with Liza as before. As

soon as she arrived she cordially held out her hand to him.

After dinner, Lemm took a small roll of music-paper out of the tail-pocket of his coat, into which he had been constantly putting his hand, and silently, with compressed lips, placed it on the piano. It contained a romance, which he had written the day before to some old-fashioned German words, in which mention was made of the stars. Liza immediately sat down to the piano, and interpreted the romance. Unfortunately the music turned out to be confused and unpleasantly constrained. It was evident that the composer had attempted to express some deep and passionate idea, but no result had been attained. The attempt remained an attempt, and nothing more. Both Lavretsky and Liza felt this, and Lemm was conscious of it too. Without saying a word, he put his romance back into his pocket; and, in reply to Liza's

proposal to play it over again, he merely shook his head, and said, in a tone of meaning, "For the present—*basta!*" then bent his head, stooped his shoulders, and left the room.

Towards evening they all went out together to fish. In the little lake at the end of the garden there were numbers of carp and groundling. Madame Kalitine had an arm-chair set in the shade for her, near the edge of the water, and a carpet was spread out under her feet. Anton, as an old fisherman of great experience, offered her his services. Zealously did he fasten on the worms, slap them with his hand, and spit upon them, and then fling the line into the water himself, gracefully bending forwards the whole of his body. Maria Dmitrievna had already that day spoken about him to Fedor Ivanovich, using the following phrase of Institute-French :—" *Il n'y a plus maintenant de ces gens comme ça comme autrefois.*"

Lemm and the two little girls went on to the dam at the end of the lake. Lavretsky placed himself near Liza. The fish kept continually nibbling. Every minute a captured carp glistened in the air with its sometimes golden, sometimes silver, sides. The little girls kept up a ceaseless flow of joyful exclamations. Madame Kalitine herself two or three times uttered a plaintive cry. Lavretsky and Liza caught fewer fish than the others; probably because they paid less attention to their fishing, and let their floats drift up against the edge of the lake. The tall, reddish reeds murmured quietly around them; in front quietly shone the unruffled water, and the conversation they carried on was quiet too.

Liza stood on the little platform [placed there for the use of the washerwomen]; Lavretsky sat on the bent stem of a willow. Liza wore a white dress, fastened round the waist by a broad, white ribbon. From

one hand hung her straw hat; with the other she, not without some effort, supported her drooping fishing-rod. Lavretsky gazed at her pure, somewhat severe profile—at the hair turned back behind her ears—at her soft cheeks, the hue of which was like that of a young child's—and thought: "How charming you look, standing there by my lake!" Liza did not look at him, but kept her eyes fixed on the water, something which might be a smile lurking about their corners. Over both Lavretsky and Liza fell the shadow of a neighbouring lime-tree.

"Do you know," he began, "I have thought a great deal about our last conversation, and I have come to this conclusion, that you are exceedingly good."

"It certainly was not with that intention that I——" replied Liza, and became greatly confused.

"You are exceedingly good," repeated

Lavretsky. "I am a rough-hewn man; but I feel that every one must love you. There is Lemm, for instance: he is simply in love with you."

Liza's eyebrows did not exactly frown, but they quivered. This always happened with her when she heard anything she did not like.

"I felt very sorry for him to-day, with his unsuccessful romance," continued Lavretsky. "To be young and to want knowledge—that is bearable. But to have grown old and to fail in strength—that is indeed heavy. And the worst of it is, that one doesn't know when one's strength has failed. To an old man such blows are hard to bear. Take care! you've a bite.—I hear," continued Lavretsky, after a short pause, "that M. Panshine has written a very charming romance."

"Yes," replied Liza, "it is a small matter; but it isn't bad."

"But what is your opinion about him himself?" asked Lavretsky. "Is he a good musician?"

"I think he has a considerable musical faculty. But as yet he has not cultivated it as he ought."

"Just so. But is he a good man?"

Liza laughed aloud, and looked up quickly at Fedor Ivanovich.

"What a strange question!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her line from the water, and then throwing it a long way in again.

"Why strange? I ask you about him as one who has been away from here a long time—as a relation."

"As a relation?"

"Yes. I believe I am a sort of uncle of yours."

"Vladimir Nikolaevich has a good heart," said Liza. "He is clever. Mamma likes him very much."

"But you—do you like him?"

"He is a good man. Why shouldn't I like him?"

"Ah!" said Lavretsky, and became silent. A half-sad, half-mocking expression played upon his face. The fixed look with which he regarded her troubled Liza; but she went on smiling.

"Well, may God grant them happiness!" he murmured at last, as if to himself, and turned away his head.

Liza reddened.

"You are wrong, Fedor Ivanovich," she said; "you are wrong in thinking—— But don't you like Vladimir Ivanovich?" she asked suddenly.

"No."

"Why?"

"I think he has no heart."

The smile disappeared from Liza's lips.

"You are accustomed to judge people severely," she said, after a long silence.

"I don't think so. What right have I to judge others severely, I should like to know, when I stand in need of indulgence myself? Or have you forgotten that it is only lazy people who do not mock me? But tell me," he added, "have you kept your promise?"

"What promise?"

"Have you prayed for me?"

"Yes, I have prayed for you; and I pray every day. But please do not talk lightly about that."

Lavretsky began to assure Liza that he had never dreamt of doing so—that he profoundly respected all convictions. After that he took to talking about religion, about its significance in the history of humanity, of the meaning of Christianity.

"One must be a Christian," said Liza, not without an effort, "not in order to recognise what is heavenly, or what is earthly, but because every one must die."

With an involuntary movement of sur-

prise, Lavretsky raised his eyes to Liza's, and met her glance.

"What does that phrase of yours mean?" he said.

"It is not my phrase," she replied.

"Not yours? But why did you speak about death?"

"I don't know. I often think about it."

"Often?"

"Yes."

"One wouldn't say so, looking at you now. Your face seems so happy, so bright, and you smile——"

"Yes. I feel very happy now," replied Liza simply.

Lavretsky felt inclined to seize both her hands and press them warmly.

"Liza, Liza!" cried Madame Kalitine, "come here and see what a carp I have caught."

"Yes, mamma," answered Liza, and went to her.

But Lavretsky remained sitting on his willow stem.

"I talk to her just as if I still had an interest in life," he thought.

Liza had hung up her hat on a bough when she went away. It was with a strange and almost tender feeling that Lavretsky looked at the hat, and at its long, slightly rumpled ribbons.

Liza soon came back again and took up her former position on the platform.

"Why do you think that Vladimir Nikolaevich has no heart?" she asked, a few minutes afterwards.

"I have already told you that I may be mistaken. However, time will reveal all."

Liza became contemplative. Lavretsky began to talk about his mode of life at Vasilievskoe, about Mikhalevich, about Anton. He felt compelled to talk to Liza, to communicate to her all that went on in his heart. And she listened to him so atten-

tively, with such kindly interest; the few remarks and answers she made appeared to him so sensible and so natural. He even told her so.

Liza was astonished. "Really?" she said. "As for me, I thought I was like my maid, Nastasia, and had no words 'of my own.' She said one day to her betrothed, 'You will be sure to be bored with me. You talk so beautifully to me about everything, but I have no words of my own.'"

"Heaven be praised!" thought Lavretsky.

END OF VOL. I.





